
PERKY
POISON IVY
BIG TOP
SPIN SHAW
SWING SISSON
FEATURE
COMICS
JULY No. 79
10¢
Don't miss
The
DOLL MAN
in his
GREATEST ADVENTURE,
"The Little Luck God!"
BLIMPY
RUSTY RYAN
MICKEY FINN
LALA PALOOZA
AL BRYANT
MOORE'S PHARMACY
VICTORVILLE, CALIFORNIA

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

BIKE-OLOGY

PONY EXPRESS vs. HIGH WHEEL BIKE –

"BRONCO CHARLIE" MILLER, LAST OF THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS, RACED A HIGH WHEEL CYCLIST 60 YEARS AGO IN LONDON FOR 6 DAYS. HORSE AND RIDER ARE SAID TO HAVE WON, ALTHOUGH IT PROBABLY IS SAFE TO SAY THE LEG-POWER OF ANY OF OUR MODERN 6-DAY CHAMPS WOULD CONQUER THE BEST IN MODERN HORSEPOWER



NEARLY THREE TIMES AROUND THE EARTH ON A BIKE –

OSSIE NICHOLSON OF AUSTRALIA A FEW YEARS AGO SET A LONG-DISTANCE RECORD WHEN HE RODE 62,657 MILES IN A SINGLE YEAR, A TOTAL DISTANCE OF ALMOST THREE TIMES AROUND THE WORLD



"BICYCLE LAND" –

BEFORE THE WAR, DENMARK WAS PROBABLY MORE BICYCLE-MINDED THAN ANY-OTHER COUNTRY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. DENMARK BOASTED A BICYCLE POPULATION OF ONE BICYCLE FOR EVERY TWO PERSONS, INCLUDING INFANTS AND OLD FOLKS.

THE MORROW* COASTER BRAKE

OVER THE YEARS, HAS KEPT PACE WITH EVERY CHANGE IN BICYCLING. ITS FAMOUS EXTRA-LARGE HUB PERMITS ALL INTERNAL PARTS TO BE HUSKY AND STRONG – A FACT OF IMPORTANCE ESPECIALLY TO OUR ARMED FORCES TODAY, WITH WHOM THE **MORROW COASTER BRAKE** IS SERVING AS A VITAL MEMBER OF **"THE INVISIBLE CREW"**

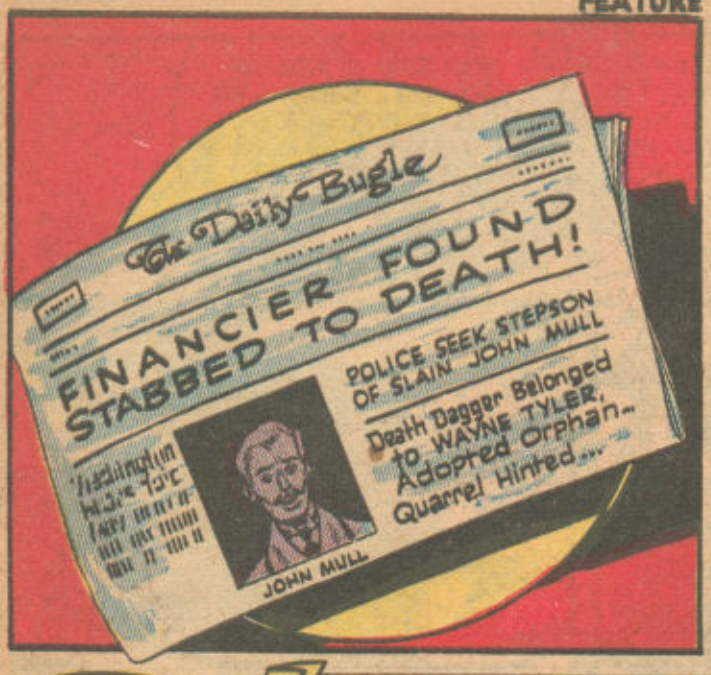
THE INVISIBLE CREW
Precision Equipment by
Bendix Aviation Corporation
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

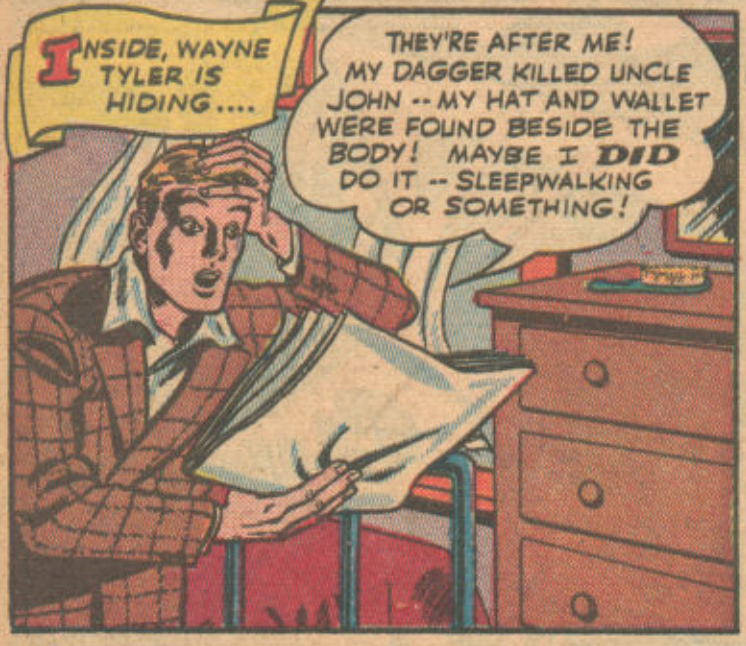
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The DOLL MAN


INK
A DOLL is the plaything of children ...
BUT the DOLL MAN makes a plaything of DANGER!
Possessor of a brilliant brain and battling brawn, the mightiest mite of all time fights on against murder, mystery, and gold-grabbing in this most tangled of tales...
"The Little Luck God!"
CLUNK!
THE BEGINNING WAS WHEN ANSON MULL'S SUPERSTITION TOOK A SINISTER FORM...
"THE LITTLE LUCK GOD," THAT CURIO-SELLER CALLED IT! HE SAID THAT IF I BOUGHT IT, I'D BE ABLE TO CONQUER ANYTHING.. BY GOOD LUCK!
I THINK THE CHARM'S WORKING NOW! I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET THE MONEY THAT IS RIGHTFULLY COMING TO ME!


The Daily Bugle
FINANCIER FOUND STABBED TO DEATH!
POLICE SEEK STEPSON OF SLAIN JOHN MULL
Death Dagger Belonged to WAYNE TYLER, Adopted Orphan-- Quarrel Hinted...
JOHN MULL


EXTRA! POLICE HUNT FOR KILLER!
GIVE ME A PAPER, BOY!


INSIDE, WAYNE TYLER IS HIDING....
THEY'RE AFTER ME! MY DAGGER KILLED UNCLE JOHN -- MY HAT AND WALLET WERE FOUND BESIDE THE BODY! MAYBE I DID DO IT -- SLEEPWALKING OR SOMETHING!


WE'D QUARRELLED, YES, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I KNEW HIM! BUT IT WASN'T SERIOUS! NOW THE POLICE ARE AFTER ME! AS SOON AS I LEAVE THIS ROOMING HOUSE, I'LL BE CAUGHT!


ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, THE SAME PAPER BRINGS A DIFFERENT MOOD!
MASTER CRIME -- IF I DO SAY IT MYSELF! NOT A SINGLE CLUE POINTS TO ME! EVERYTHING POINTS TO WAYNE! THAT LITTLE QUARREL, THE DAGGER -- EVERYTHING! HE'LL BE SENT TO THE CHAIR, AND I, JOHN MULL'S COUSIN, WILL INHERIT EVERYTHING!


YOU BROUGHT ME LUCK, ALL RIGHT! THANKS, A MILLION!
MAY I SPEAK TO YOU, MR. ANSON MULL?


WHAT'S UP, PUG SHUMAN? I'M NOT VERY PLEASED WITH YOU JUST NOW! MY COUSIN, JOHN, HIRED YOU AS A BODYGUARD, BUT YOU WEREN'T ABLE TO PROTECT HIM LAST NIGHT!
A GUY HAS TO SLEEP SOMETIME, MR. MULL! ANYWAY, YOU'D BETTER NOT GET TOUGH WITH ME UNTIL I SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
YOU SEE, I FOUND JOHN MULL DEAD AND CALLED THE POLICE!... BUT I DIDN'T TELL THEM THAT HE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO WRITE THIS!
OHH-H!
My Cousin, Anson Mull Killed me! John Mull
THANK YOU, PUG, FOR BEING MY FRIEND!... HERE, GIVE ME---
NOT SO FAST! I HID THE THING BECAUSE I FIGURED TO GET MORE THAN GLORY FROM IT!
WITH JOHN MULL DEAD, I'M OUT OF A JOB! THE WAY THINGS ARE NOW, TYLER WILL TAKE THE RAP, AND YOU'LL TAKE THE DOUGH! THEN I THINK YOU'LL HIRE ME AS YOUR BODYGUARD -- AT ABOUT 500 BUCKS A WEEK, HUH?
JUST AS YOU SAY, PUG -- I'M NOT ARGUING!
HE'S GONE! BUT I'M A LITTLE DISPLEASED WITH YOU-- UNLESS YOU BRING SOME OTHER LUCK TO PASS! LUCK THAT'S GOOD FOR ME --AND BAD FOR PUG SHUMAN!

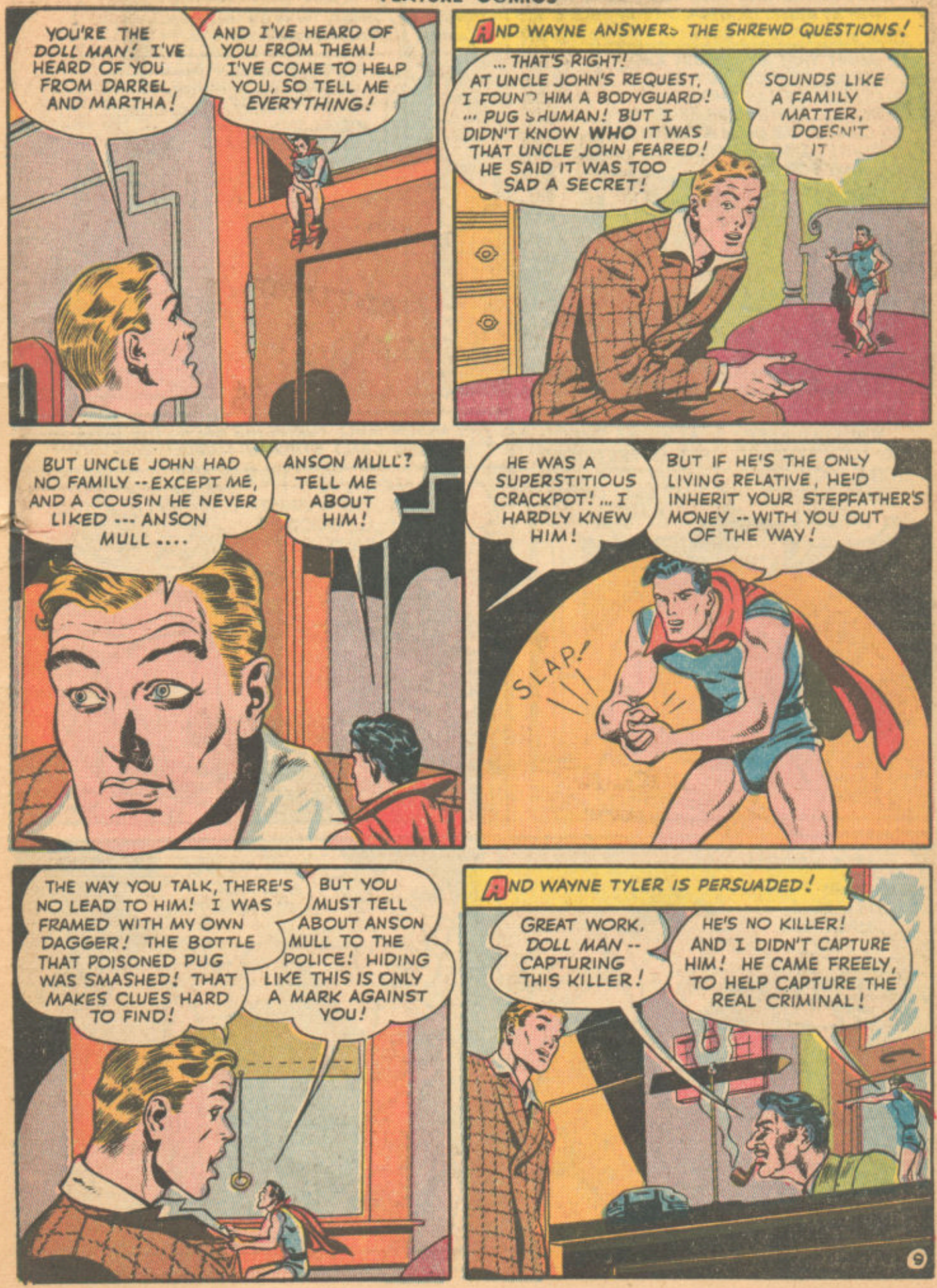

AND YET ANOTHER MAN PONDERS THE KILLING OF JOHN MULL -- QUIET DARREL DANE!
YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD COMPANY TONIGHT, DARREL! YOU DIDN'T EVEN HEAR ME SAY GOODBYE!
SORRY, MARTHA! I KEEP WONDERING ABOUT WAYNE TYLER! HE AND I WERE PRETTY GOOD FRIENDS, AND I CAN'T IMAGINE HIM AS A KILLER! BUT GOODBYE!
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY SOMEWHERE! BUT I'M NOT QUITE SMART ENOUGH TO PIN IT DOWN! IT NEEDS THE BRAIN OF THE DOLL MAN!
DARREL DANE EXERTS HIS WILL! ... THE STARS SEEM TO WHIRL IN THEIR COURSES! ...
... AND DARREL DANE HAS TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THE SMALL BUT MIGHTY DOLL MAN!
THE CLUES LOOK BAD FOR WAYNE! HIS DAGGER, HAT AND WALLET AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
BUT THAT'S THE POINT! WHY DID HE LEAVE THEM THERE TO CONVICT HIMSELF?...I KNOW WAYNE'S SMARTER THAN THAT! ... PERHAPS SOMEONE ELSE LEFT THEM!...
AND IF SOMEONE ELSE LEFT THEM, WAYNE'S BEING FRAMED --FOR THE CRIME OF ANOTHER! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO!!
4


AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
I TELL YOU, BOYS, THE CHIEF WILL GIVE YOU A STATEMENT WHEN HE'S NOT SO BUSY... HEY!!
I'M JUST DROPPING IN ON MY FRIEND, YOUR BOSS!
CHIEF OF DETECTIVES
Z-Z-Z-I-P!
I'M NOT BUTTING IN, CHIEF -- ONLY HERE TO HELP SOLVE THE MYSTERY!
WE KNOW WHO KILLED MULL! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND HIM! ALL THE CLUES POINT TO WAYNE TYLER!
THE ONLY FINGER PRINTS ON THE DAGGER HANDLE ARE TYLER'S!
NATURALLY! IT BELONGED TO HIM! MAYBE IT WAS STOLEN AND USED BY SOMEONE WITH GLOVES! ... WHY SHOULD TYLER KILL HIS BEST FRIEND?
HERE'S YOUR ANSWER! MULL HAD NO CHILDREN, AND THIS WILL LEAVES ALL HIS MONEY TO HIS STEPSON, TYLER!
LOOKS BAD FOR TYLER! BUT MAYBE ALL THE EVIDENCE ISN'T IN! WHO FOUND THE BODY?
MULL'S BODYGUARD, PUG SHUMAN! BUT HE'S IN THE CLEAR -- SERVANTS SAY THAT HE WAS ASLEEP IN HIS ROOM AT MIDNIGHT, AND EXPERTS KNOW THAT MULL WAS MURDERED BEFORE THEN --- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO TALK TO SHUMAN!
ZZ-Z-OOOOM!
AT THE HOME OF THE MURDERED MAN...
OLD MAN MULL PAID ME WELL, BUT ANSON WILL PAY ME BETTER -- AND THE WORK WON'T BE SO HARD! ... NICE OF HIM TO SEND ME THIS HOOCH!
YOU SEEM TO BE CELEBRATING, PUG!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU...?
JUST SOMEONE COME TO TALK TO YOU! QUIT DRINKING AND START THINKING!


GET OUT! --OR I'LL SWAT YOU LIKE A FLY!
I SAID, I'M HERE TO FIND OUT THINGS! WHY SHOULD JOHN MULL HAVE HIRED YOU FOR A BODYGUARD?
SLAM!
FOR THE USUAL REASON! TO KEEP OFF AN ENEMY WHO WAS THREATENING DANGER!
BUT WHAT ENEMY! HE MUST HAVE TOLD YOU!
QUIT THAT!... YOU MAKE ME DIZZY! .. MULL WAS BOTHERED BY GANGSTERS!
THAT'S NOT VERY CONVINCING! HE'D HAVE CALLED THE POLICE TO DEAL WITH THEM! THIS MUST HAVE BEEN SOME PRIVATE DANGER WHICH HE WANTED TO KEEP SECRET!
THIS LITTLE IMP'S MUDDLIN' MY MIND! BUT, IF I'M GONNA CASH IN ON WHAT I KNOW, I'D BETTER GIVE HIM A GOOD ANSWER!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU! MR. MULL SWORE ME TO KEEP QUIET, BUT HE'S DEAD NOW! HE WAS SCARED OF HIS STEPSON, WAYNE TYLER!
NONSENSE!
I KNEW WAYNE TYLER WELL! AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE HIRED YOU FOR HIS STEPFATHER! IF JOHN MULL HAD FEARED WAYNE, THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALLOWED!
GET AWAY FROM ME!
WHY ARE YOU LYING? WHO IS IT YOU'RE PROTECTING? YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN BE TRIED AND CONVICTED AS AN ACCESSORY TO THE MURDER!
I'M SICK OF YOU!


I'LL SMASH YOU!--
PUG, YOU SEEM TO WANT TO PLAY ROUGH! THAT MAKES IT SO MUCH SIMPLER!
CRASH
YOU'RE STRONG, BUT YOU'RE SLOW AND CLUMSY! YOU OUGHT TO DO SOME BOXING WITH LIGHTER, SMALLER MEN! SEE?
OW!
CLIP!
WHOOO-O-O-O-O-O-OSH
KEEP YOUR LEFT UP, OR YOU'LL CATCH A NASTY JAB! -- SO!!
BAM!
READY TO TALK, PUG? OR SHALL WE HAVE THE SECOND ROUND?
LET ME ALONE! WHY SHOULD I TAKE A LICKING TO COVER UP FOR HIM? ... I GOT A STATEMENT TO SHOW THAT IT WAS---
IT WAS --- AGH!!! I'M BURNING! BURNING! ---
BURNING -- AND DYING!!
THE DOLL MAN'S DELICATE SENSES ENABLE HIM TO DIAGNOSE THE CAUSE OF DEATH!
POISONED ... YES! THAT BOTTLE OF WHISKEY HE CHUCKED AT ME SMELLS AS IF IT WAS LOADED WITH POISON!


THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF! PUG SHUMAN'S MURDERED, TOO! I'M GOING TO GO AHEAD WITH MY INVESTIGATIONS!
UPSTAIRS, WHERE WAYNE TYLER HAD HIS QUARTERS
WAYNE FLED IN A HURRY! THAT MAKES HIM LOOK GUILTY! BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOME CLUE TO HIS DESTINATION -- OVERLOOKED BY THE POLICE!
THIS PAPER'S WANT-AD SECTION ... HELLO! THAT'S HIS FINGERPRINT THERE! -- WHERE HE MUST HAVE PUT HIS FINGER ON SOMETHING WHICH ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION!
AGAIN, DOLL MAN'S DOUBLE-SHARP SIGHT HAS BROUGHT HIM A CLUE!
To LET -- Room for quiet, Single man. $4. wk., 72 River Lane.
To LET -- Apartment
Furnished
WAYNE MUST BE HIDING HERE!
72
LETTERS
GO AWAY! I WON'T OPEN THE DOOR!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO! ... I'LL COME THROUGH THE TRANSOM!
KNOCK
KNOCK
8

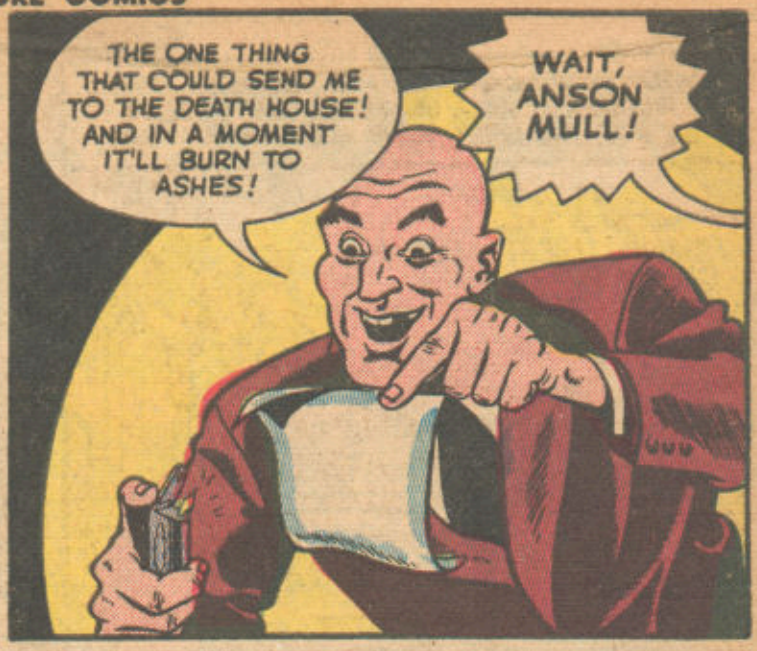

YOU'RE THE DOLL MAN! I'VE HEARD OF YOU FROM DARREL AND MARTHA!
AND I'VE HEARD OF YOU FROM THEM! I'VE COME TO HELP YOU, SO TELL ME EVERYTHING!
AND WAYNE ANSWERS THE SHREWD QUESTIONS!
... THAT'S RIGHT! AT UNCLE JOHN'S REQUEST, I FOUND HIM A BODYGUARD! ... PUG HUMAN! BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHO IT WAS THAT UNCLE JOHN FEARED! HE SAID IT WAS TOO SAD A SECRET!
SOUNDS LIKE A FAMILY MATTER, DOESN'T IT
BUT UNCLE JOHN HAD NO FAMILY -- EXCEPT ME, AND A COUSIN HE NEVER LIKED --- ANSON MULL
ANSON MULL? TELL ME ABOUT HIM!
HE WAS A SUPERSTITIOUS CRACKPOT! ... I HARDLY KNEW HIM!
BUT IF HE'S THE ONLY LIVING RELATIVE, HE'D INHERIT YOUR STEPFATHER'S MONEY -- WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY!
SLAP!
THE WAY YOU TALK, THERE'S NO LEAD TO HIM! I WAS FRAMED WITH MY OWN DAGGER! THE BOTTLE THAT POISONED PUG WAS SMASHED! THAT MAKES CLUES HARD TO FIND!
BUT YOU MUST TELL ABOUT ANSON MULL TO THE POLICE! HIDING LIKE THIS IS ONLY A MARK AGAINST YOU!
AND WAYNE TYLER IS PERSUADED!
GREAT WORK, DOLL MAN -- CAPTURING THIS KILLER!
HE'S NO KILLER! AND I DIDN'T CAPTURE HIM! HE CAME FREELY, TO HELP CAPTURE THE REAL CRIMINAL!


AFTER WAYNE HAS TOLD THE POLICE HIS STORY, ANSON MULL IS BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING, BUT ---
I ADMIT THAT MY COUSIN AND I WEREN'T FRIENDS, BUT THAT'S ALL! YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BRING ME DOWN HERE EXCEPT TO CHARGE ME WITH A DEFINITE CRIME! I KNOW ENOUGH LAW FOR THAT!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HOLD YOU!... YOU MAY GO!
SORRY, DOLL MAN, BUT WE STILL THINK YOUR FRIEND, WAYNE TYLER, KILLED HIS STEPFATHER! YOU'LL HAVE TO DIG UP MORE PROOF ON ANSON MULL BEFORE WE CHANGE OUR MINDS!
AND I'M ON MY WAY TO HIS HOME NOW!
YOU STILL KEEP MY LUCK WORKING, LITTLE LUCK GOD! THANKS, ONCE AGAIN!
AS WAYNE SAID, HE'S SUPERSTITIOUS -- CHATTERING TO THAT UGLY LITTLE IMAGE!
AS ANSON MULL TURNS HIS BACK, THE DOLL MAN SWOOPS AND STRIKES HARD!
IN FACT, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT, SUCH AS ALL GOOD IDOLS SHOULD HAVE!
CRACK
INCENSE
AS I HOPED! -- HOLLOW INSIDE! IT'LL BE A MASK FOR ME!
NOW TO DO A BIT OF IMPERSONATION!

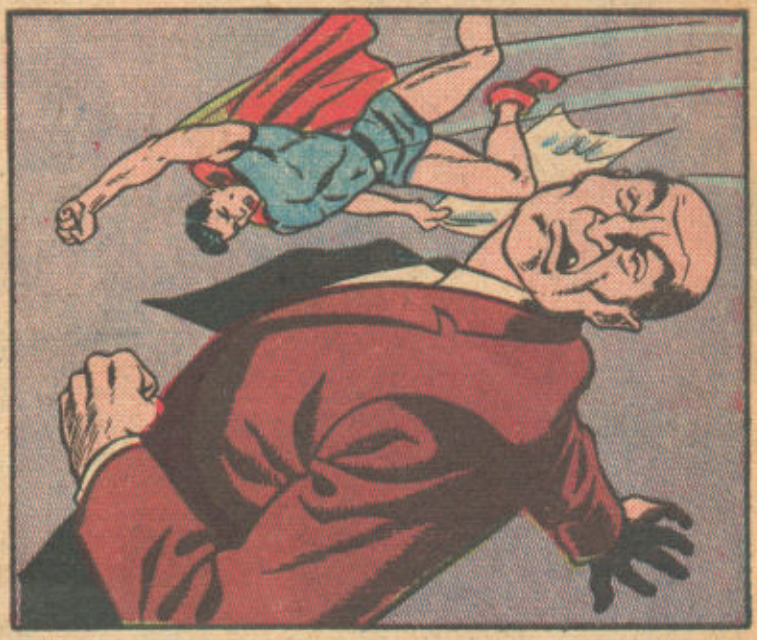

THERE YOU ARE! INCENSE -- THE BEST I COULD BUY! IF YOU LIKE IT, TELL ME SO!
I DO LIKE IT!
WHY ... I'D SWEAR YOU SPOKE!
OF COURSE, I SPOKE! TO ALL WHO BELIEVE, I BRING A VOICE OF HELP!
I KNOW YOUR SECRETS! THOSE DEATHS, FOR INSTANCE -- DOES YOUR CONSCIENCE BOTHER YOU?
MY CONSCIENCE TROUBLE ME? N---NO!
JOHN MULL WAS AN OLD MONEY-GRUBBER! AND PUG SHUMAN WAS A BLACKMAILING BRUTE!
THAT'S A CONFESSION -- BUT I MUST MAKE SURE OF MY EVIDENCE!
IF YOUR CONSCIENCE IS FREE, GOOD! BUT HOW ABOUT POSSIBLE CLUES?
OF COURSE! THAT STATEMENT OF MY GUILT FROM COUSIN JOHN! PUG'S DEAD -- BUT DID HE DESTROY IT?
HE DID NOT! IT'S STILL IN EXISTENCE!
SEARCH FOR THAT STATEMENT, YOURSELF! -- OR YOU'LL BE CAUGHT!
OF COURSE! AGAIN YOUR PROTECTION IS WITH ME! I'LL GO NOW!

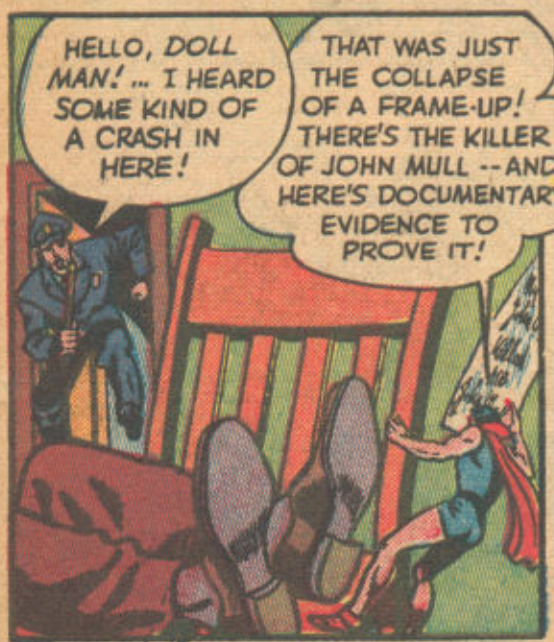

ANSON MULL HEADS FOR THE HOUSE OF MURDER ... AND, UNKNOWN AND UNSEEN BY HIM, THE DOLL MAN ACCOMPANIES HIM!
THAT LUCK GOD ACTUALLY SPEAKS AND THINKS! THE FOOLS WHO CALL ME SUPERSTITIOUS DON'T KNOW MY REAL GOOD FORTUNE!
WE'RE STILL GUARDING THE PLACE, SIR! BUT, SINCE YOU'RE JOHN MULL'S COUSIN, AND CLEARED OF CHARGES, WHY ---
OF COURSE! SINCE I'M TO INHERIT, I HAVE A RIGHT TO LOOK OVER MY NEW PROPERTY!
PUG'S ROOM!... NOW TO SEARCH EVERY INCH OF IT!
IT'S NOT IN THE DRAWERS -- IT WOULDN'T BE! HE'D HIDE IT BETTER THAN THAT!
NOT UNDER THE RUG, EITHER!









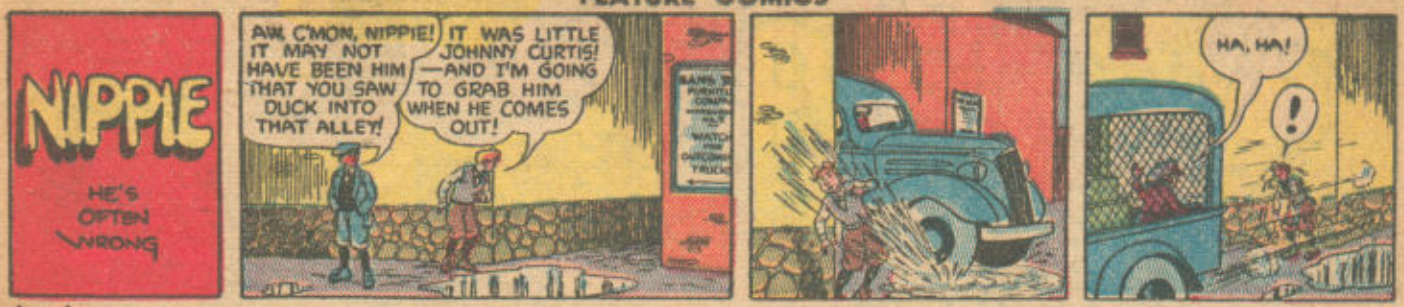




SMALL THE DOLL MAN MAY BE, BUT HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO HANDLE AN EVEN DEADLIER ENEMY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Feature Comics!*

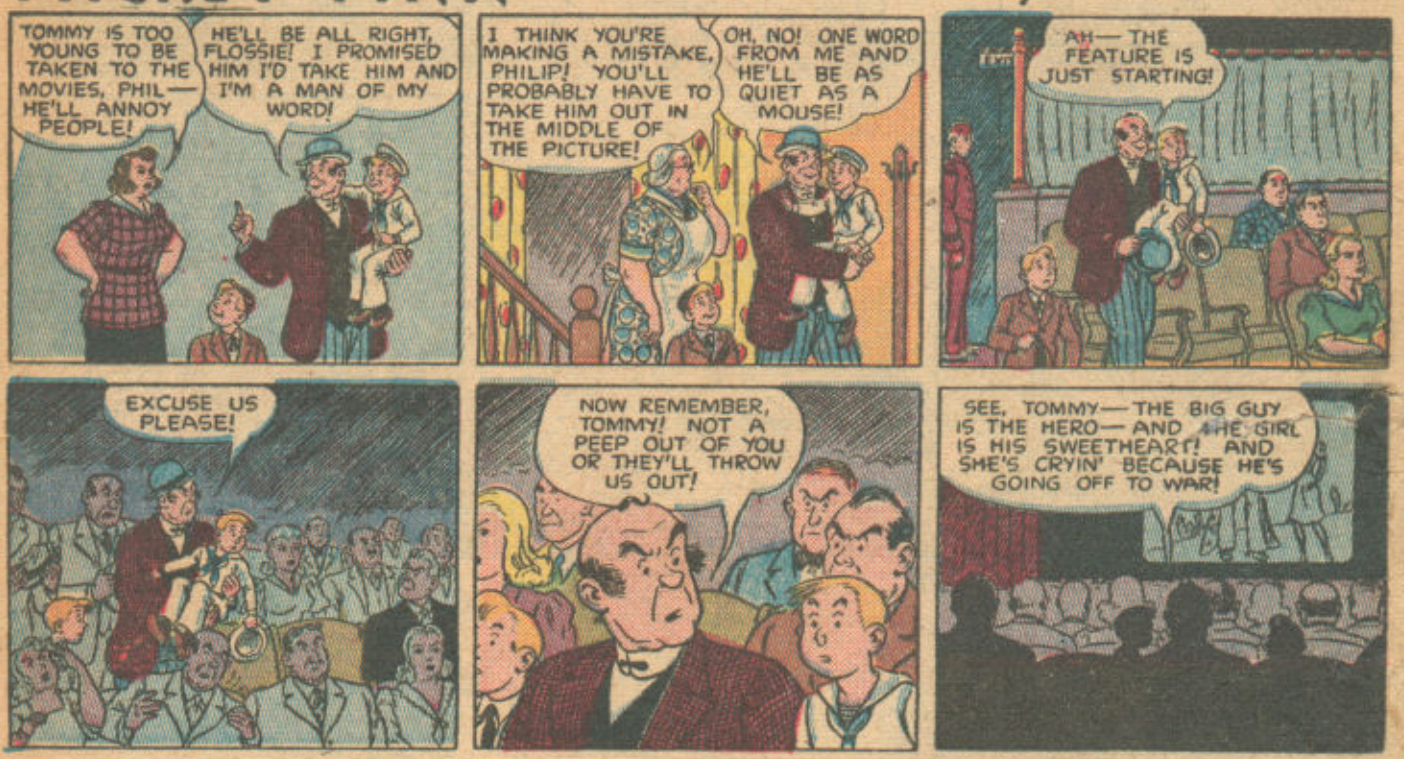

Big Top
MORE FAN MAIL FOR BUTCH!
TONS OF IT!
AND STILL COMING!
I NEVER REALIZED HE WAS SUCH A GENIUS!
AND GETTING SO POPULAR!
OH, BUTCH!
WILL A GRAND A WEEK BE OKAY? HERE, SIGN THIS CONTRACT!
SURE, BOSS! ...THAT'S GRAND!
OW!... CAN'T WRITE... MUSTA SPRAINED MY WRIST!
I'LL GET A DOCTOR, QUICK!
COURAGE, BUTCH!... HERE'S THE DOC, NOW!
LET'S SEE THAT WRIST!
MMM... I'VE SEEN THIS SYMPTON BEFORE!
BUT IT'S NO SPRAIN!
IT'S THE WORST CASE OF WRITER'S CRAMP I EVER SAW!
WRITER'S CRAMP, EH?
WRITER'S CRAMP! WRITER'S CRAMP!
NO WONDER YOU GOT WRITER'S CRAMP!
YOU FAKER!
OW!


Big Top
MISS MINERVA
The only LADY CLOWN
ALSO BUTCH AND OTHER FUN ACTS...
SOMETHIN' NEW, BOSS?
YEP... AND SHE'S GONNA SWEEP THE COUNTRY!
TELEGRAM!
OKAY, BOY! HAND IT OVER!
WHAT'S THIS? MISS MINERVA'S ELOPED AND IS GONNA CHUCK HER WHOLE CAREER!
GOOD!
GOOD! AFTER ALL THE ADVERTISING I'VE SPENT ON A LADY CLOWN? IT'LL RUIN ME!
BUT, WAIT! ... I GOT AN IDEA!
C'MERE BUTCH!
Later...
YOU MEAN I'M TO BE THE LADY CLOWN?
SURE! WITH THAT WIG AND DRESS, YOU'D PASS FOR A SILLY OLD DAME, ANYWHERE!
NOPE... I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT, THAT'S ALL!
AND THAT'S FINAL!
OH, NO IT AIN'T!
LOOK AT THAT BEAST... SLAPPING DOWN A WOMAN!
LET'S HOLD HIM 'TIL THE POLICE COME!
GET GOING -- YOU!
THUD
BOOMP
YOU OLD WOLF!... PROBABLY WOOED THAT WOMAN AND THEN THREW HER OVER!
WE'LL FIX YOU, YOU OLD GOAT!
THANKS, GIRLS!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



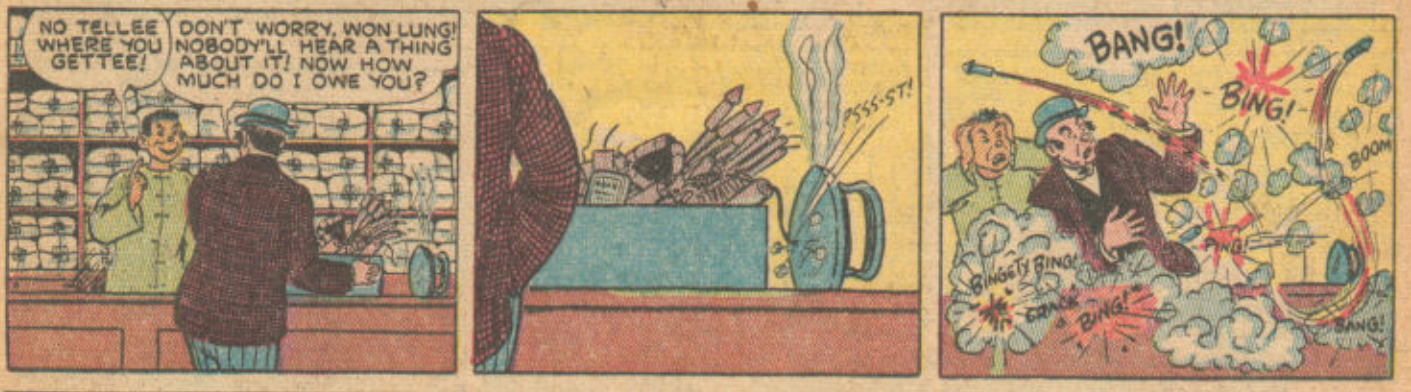


MICKEY FINN

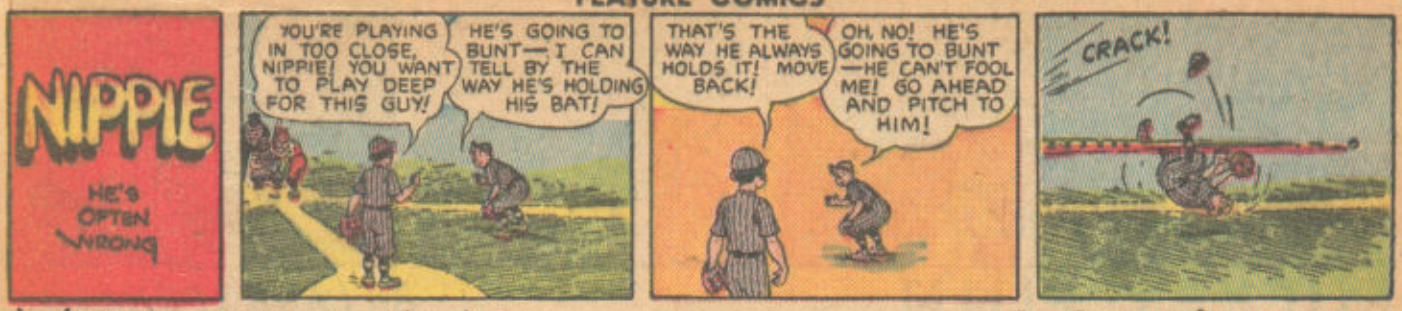
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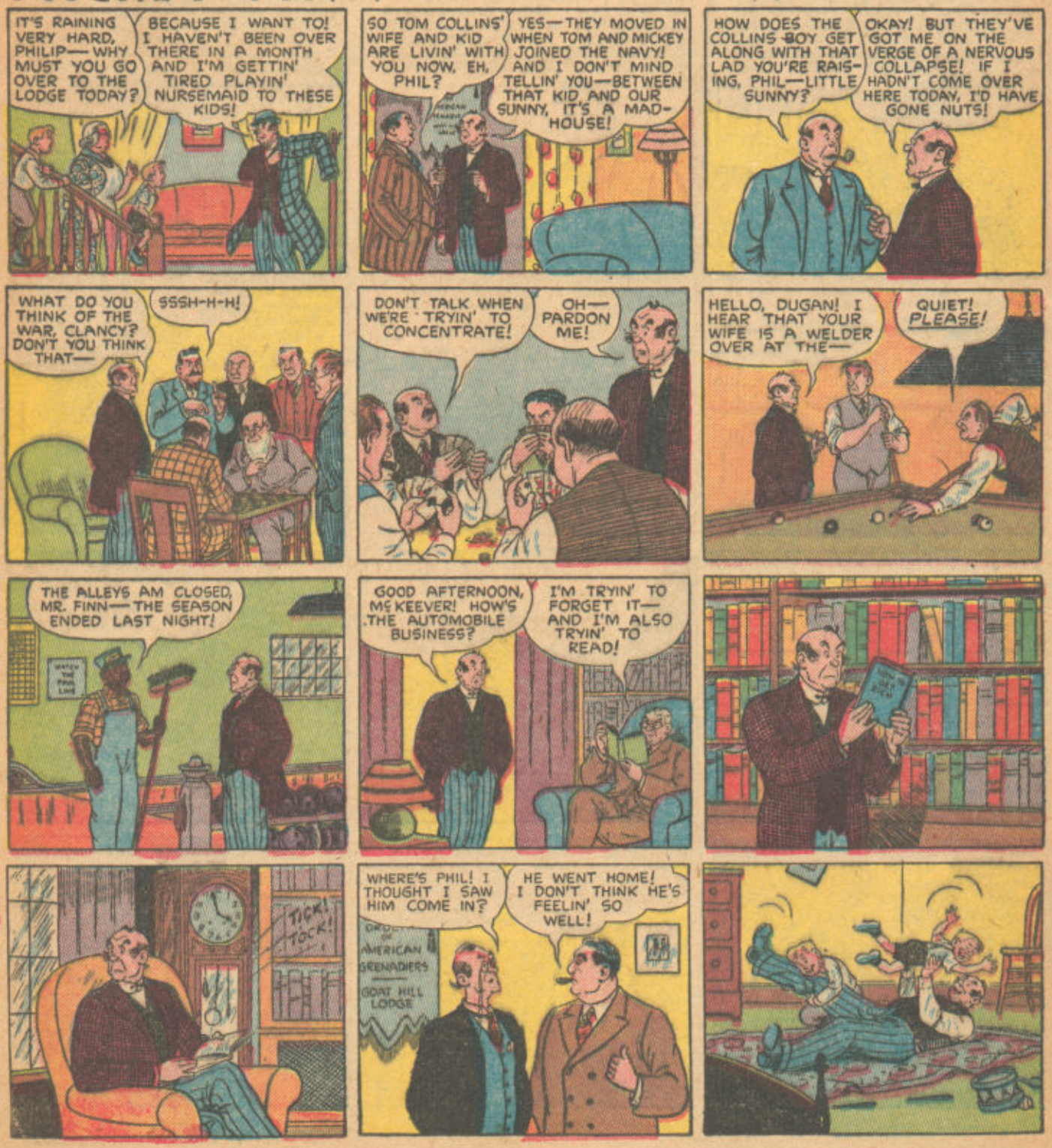






MICKEY FINN

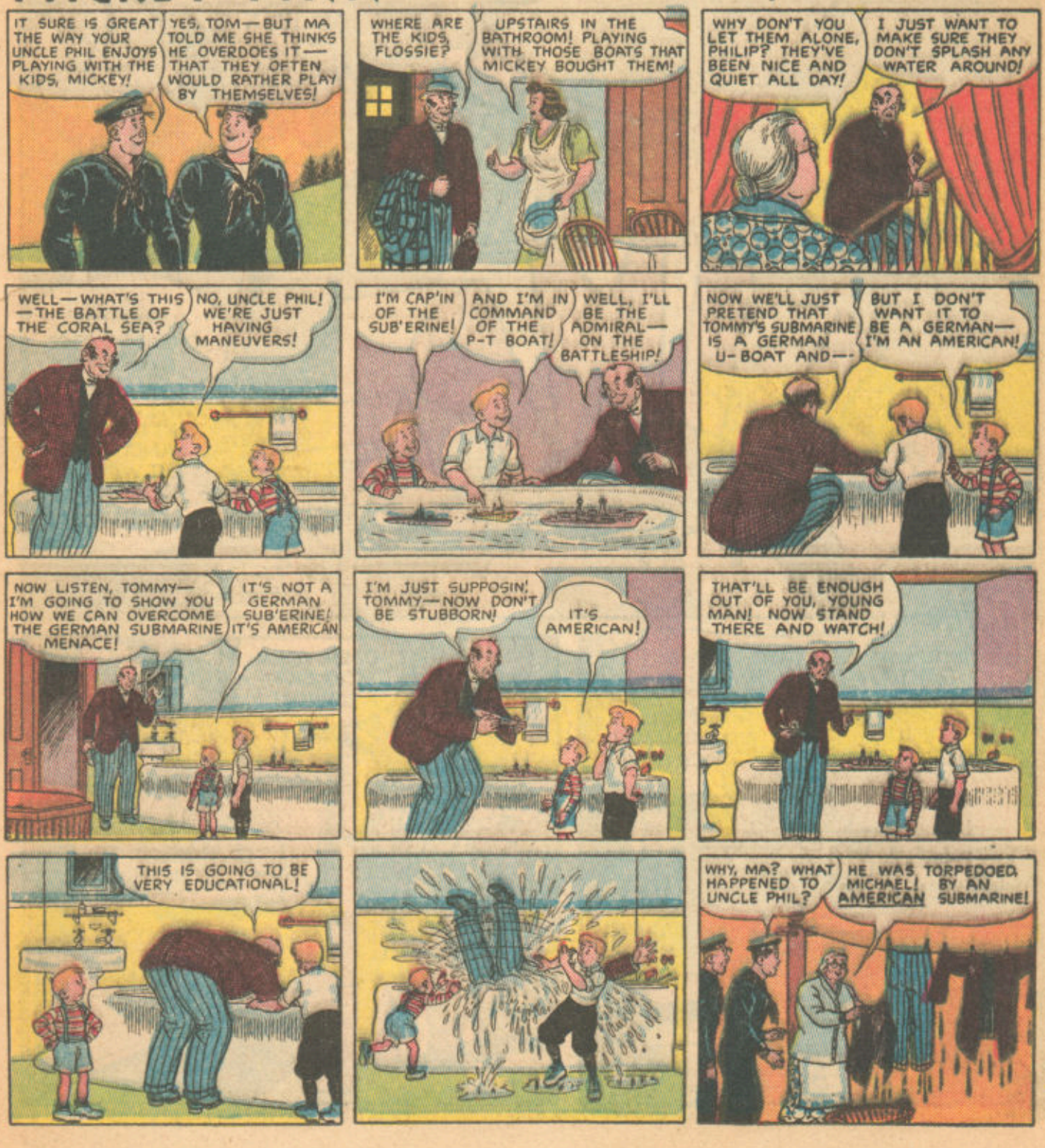
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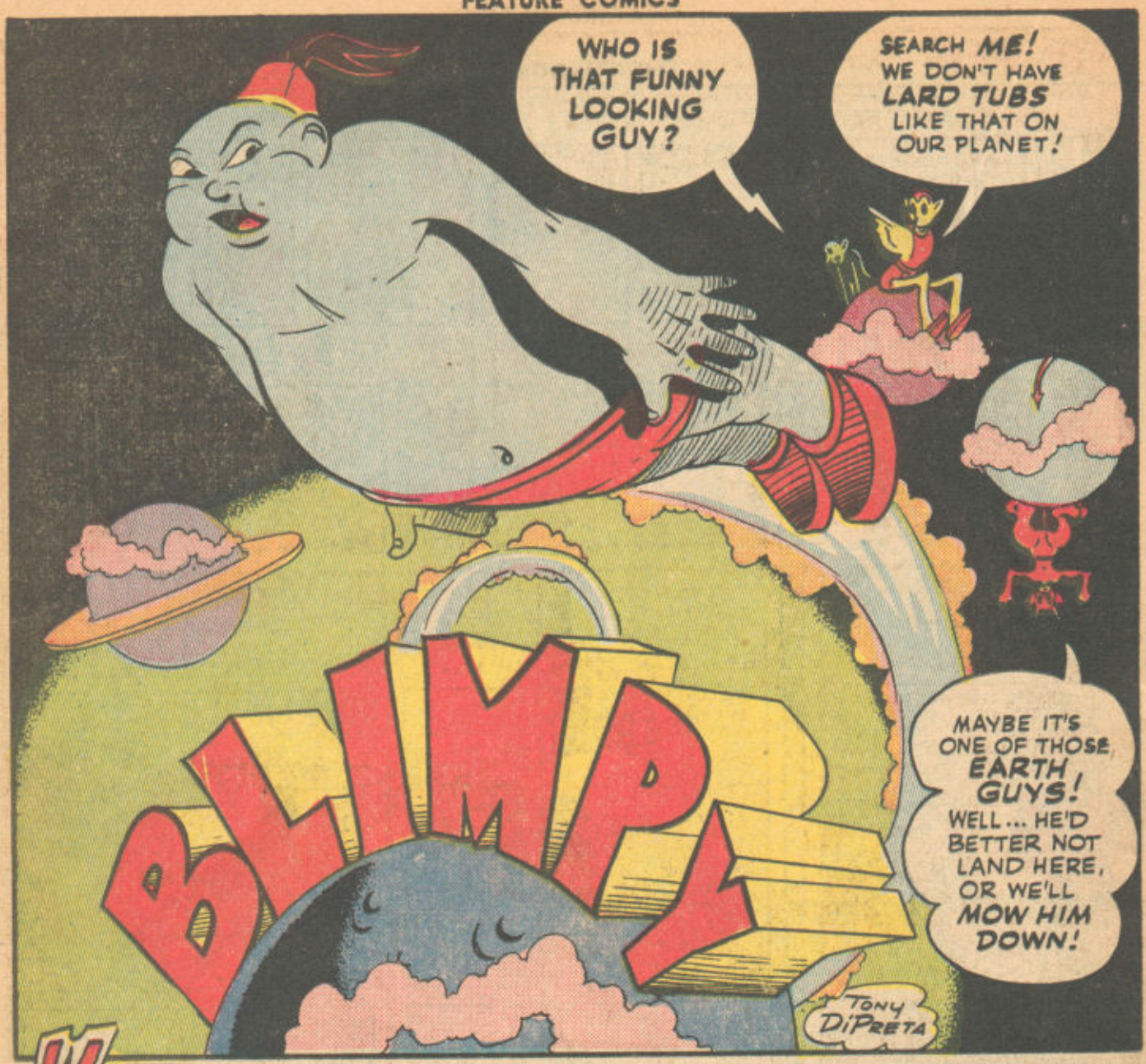




MICKEY FINN

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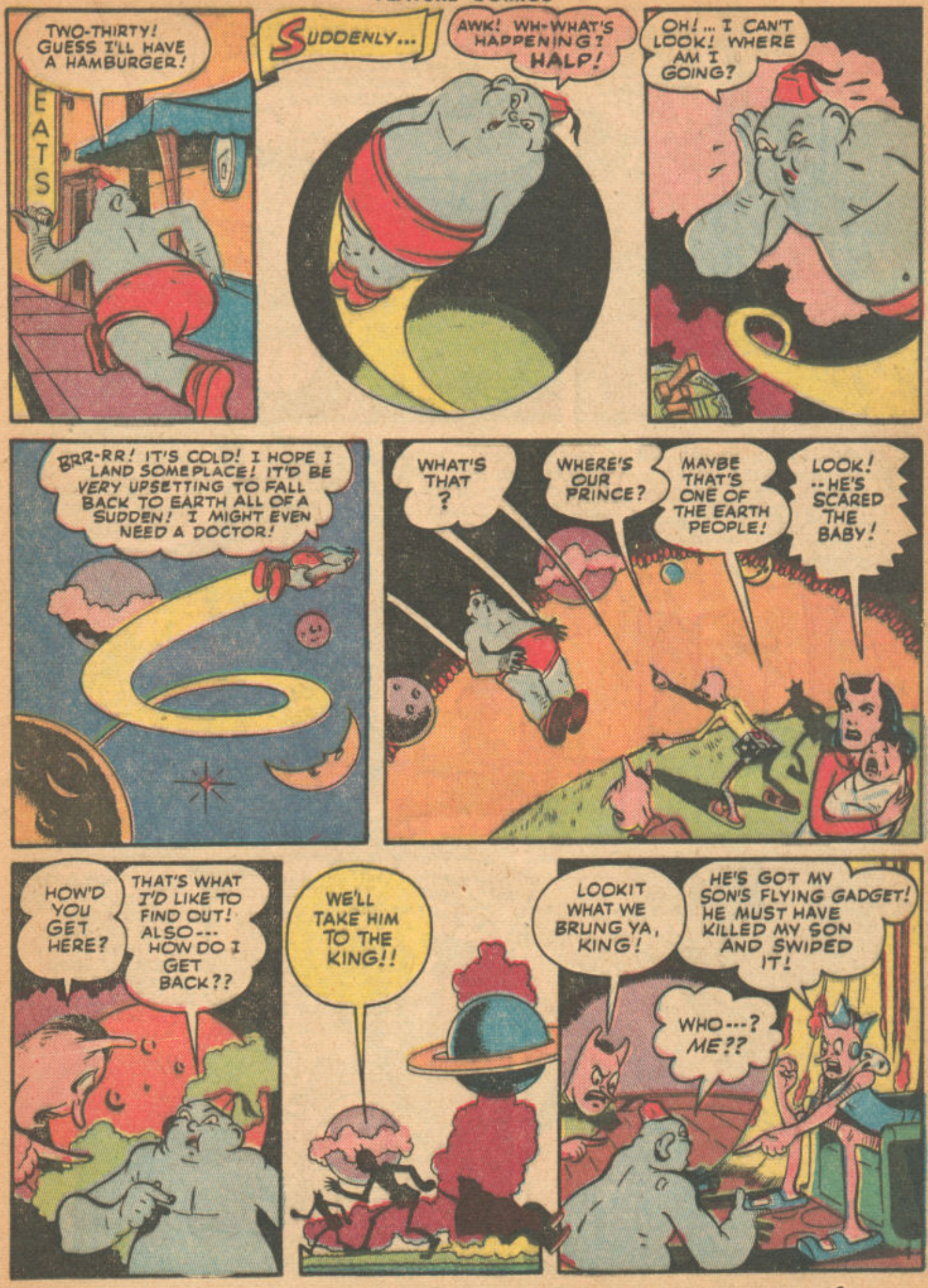

WHO IS THAT FUNNY LOOKING GUY?
SEARCH ME! WE DON'T HAVE LARD TUBS LIKE THAT ON OUR PLANET!
BLIMP!
MAYBE IT'S ONE OF THOSE EARTH GUYS! WELL... HE'D BETTER NOT LAND HERE, OR WE'LL MOW HIM DOWN!
TONY DiPRETA

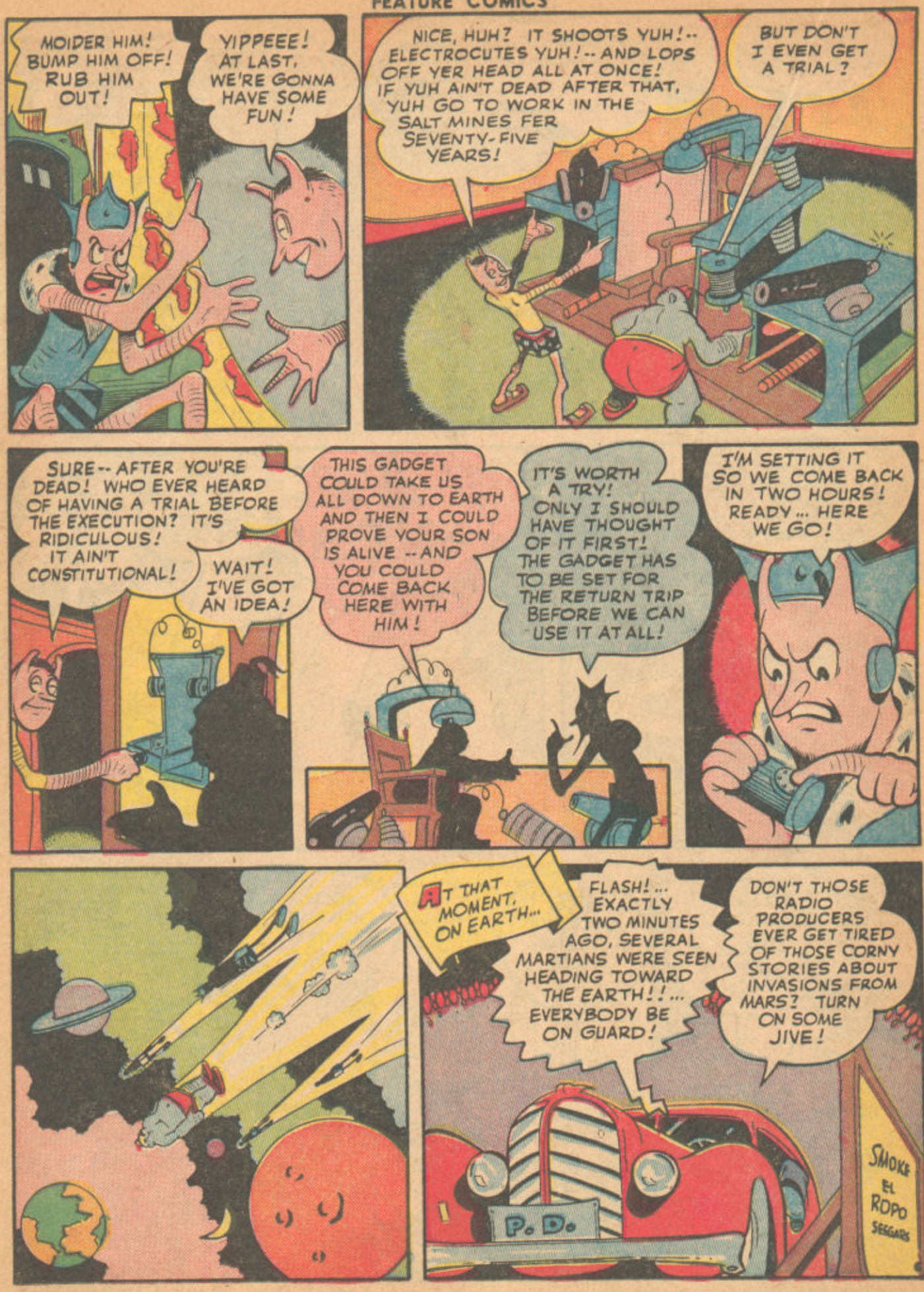

WINDOW NUMBER TWO OF THE TENTH NATIONAL BANK....
THANK YOU, MR. WILLIAMS! ...NICE DAY!


CASH YOUR CHECK? SURELY!


SO FAR -- OUR STORY IS ORDINARY ENOUGH! A BANK TELLER DOES BUSINESS AT HIS WINDOW! WHAT COULD BE MORE COMMONPLACE?...
NICE, QUIET SORTA GUY, THIS TELLER!
SURE IS!
AND THEN...
HMM! TWO O'CLOCK-- AND TODAY'S WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-FOURTH!
HERE--HAVE A COUPLE OF THOUSAND!
HERE'S TEN GRAND FOR YOU, TOO!
HAVE A BAGFUL OF SILVER! THE BANK'S GOT PLENTY OF IT!
GIMME!
I WANT SOME, TOO, MISTER!
WHAT GOES ON HERE? ARE YOU MAD, MAN?
THINK NOTHING OF IT! I JUST THOUGHT THE BANK OUGHTA GIVE AWAY SOME SOUVENIRS TO KEEP UP THE GOOD WILL!
PO-LEEECE! ... ARREST THAT MAN!!
SORRY, BOYS! I CAN'T STICK AROUND, JUST NOW!
2

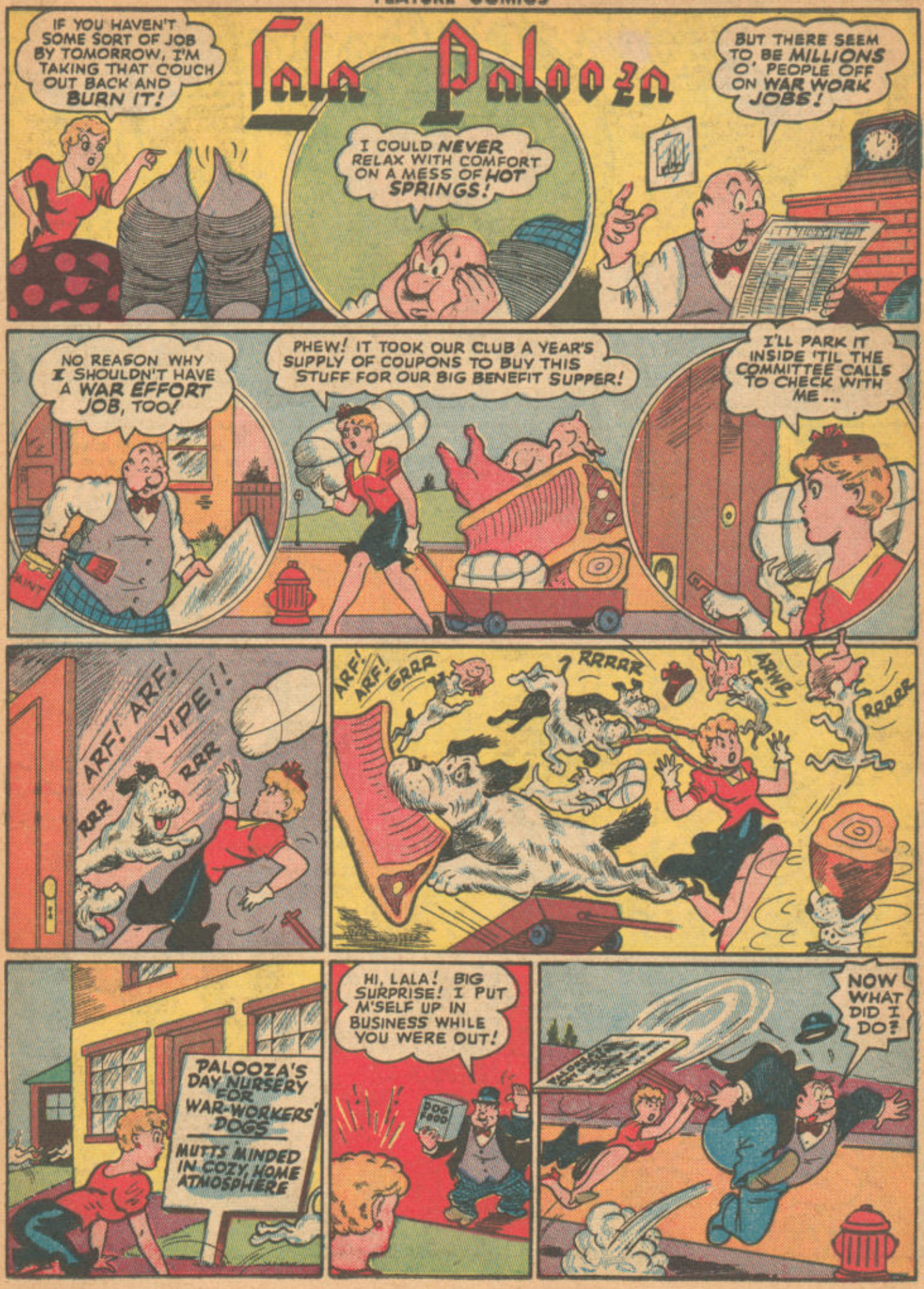

COME BACK HERE, YOU!
BANK
EXIT
AT THAT MOMENT, BLIMPY STROLLS BY---
OOPS!
WHY DONTCHA LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
GUESS HE MUSTA ROBBED THE BANK!!
HE DROPPED THIS! OH, WELL, I'LL TAKE IT TO THE JAIL AFTER THE COPS CATCH HIM! -- WONDER WHAT IT IS!
ALMOST TWO-THIRTY!.. I CAN STOP NOW! BOY! -- WILL THOSE COPS FEEL SILLY!
IT'S GONE!
WAIT! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE! I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE! I'M SUPPOSED TO LEAVE FOR MARS IN THIRTY SECONDS! BUT I'VE LOST MY MARS FLYER!
OH -- A WISE GUY, TOO! WAIT'LL WE GET YOU DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE!
BUT -- I TELL YOU YOU CAN'T HOLD ME HERE! I DON'T BELONG TO EARTH! OUR STATE DEPARTMENT WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS AND THERE'LL BE A WAR AND IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT!
SCREWBALLS.. THAT'S ALL I EVER GET! IT'D BE NICE TO GET A REAL CROOK FOR A CHANGE!
3

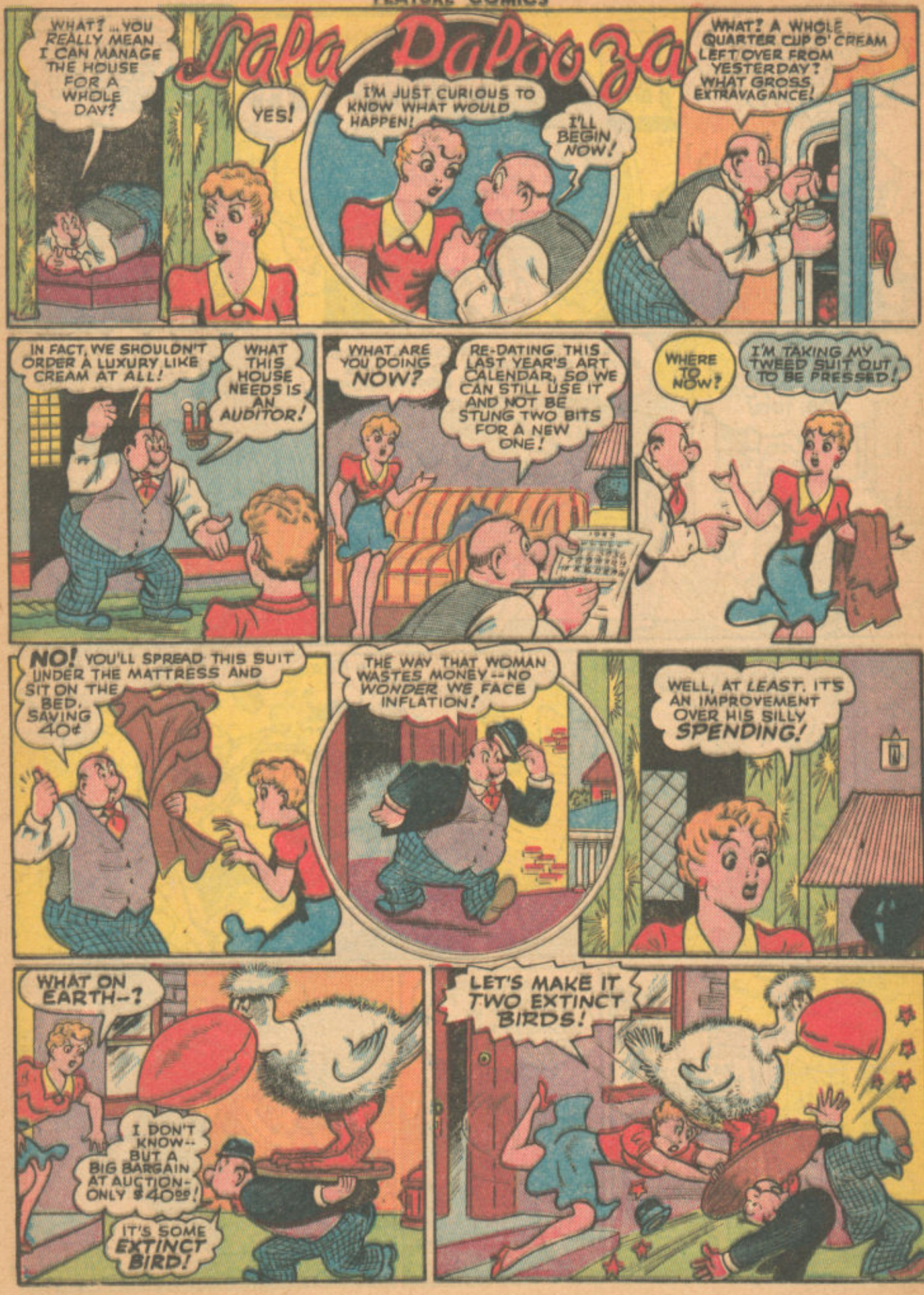

TWO-THIRTY! GUESS I'LL HAVE A HAMBURGER!
EATS
SUDDENLY...
AWK! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? HALP!
OH!... I CAN'T LOOK! WHERE AM I GOING?
BRR-RR! IT'S COLD! I HOPE I LAND SOMEPLACE! IT'D BE VERY UPSETTING TO FALL BACK TO EARTH ALL OF A SUDDEN! I MIGHT EVEN NEED A DOCTOR!
WHAT'S THAT ?
WHERE'S OUR PRINCE?
MAYBE THAT'S ONE OF THE EARTH PEOPLE!
LOOK! -- HE'S SCARED THE BABY!
HOW'D YOU GET HERE?
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT! ALSO--- HOW DO I GET BACK??
WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE KING!!
LOOKIT WHAT WE BRUNG YA, KING!
HE'S GOT MY SON'S FLYING GADGET! HE MUST HAVE KILLED MY SON AND SWIPED IT!
WHO---? ME??


MOIDER HIM! BUMP HIM OFF! RUB HIM OUT!
YIPPEEE! AT LAST, WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN!
NICE, HUH? IT SHOOTS YUH!-- ELECTROCUTES YUH!-- AND LOPS OFF YER HEAD ALL AT ONCE! IF YUH AIN'T DEAD AFTER THAT, YUH GO TO WORK IN THE SALT MINES FER SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS!
BUT DON'T I EVEN GET A TRIAL?
SURE-- AFTER YOU'RE DEAD! WHO EVER HEARD OF HAVING A TRIAL BEFORE THE EXECUTION? IT'S RIDICULOUS! IT AIN'T CONSTITUTIONAL!
WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
THIS GADGET COULD TAKE US ALL DOWN TO EARTH AND THEN I COULD PROVE YOUR SON IS ALIVE -- AND YOU COULD COME BACK HERE WITH HIM!
IT'S WORTH A TRY! ONLY I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT FIRST! THE GADGET HAS TO BE SET FOR THE RETURN TRIP BEFORE WE CAN USE IT AT ALL!
I'M SETTING IT SO WE COME BACK IN TWO HOURS! READY... HERE WE GO!
AT THAT MOMENT, ON EARTH...
FLASH!... EXACTLY TWO MINUTES AGO, SEVERAL MARTIANS WERE SEEN HEADING TOWARD THE EARTH!!... EVERYBODY BE ON GUARD!
DON'T THOSE RADIO PRODUCERS EVER GET TIRED OF THOSE CORNY STORIES ABOUT INVASIONS FROM MARS? TURN ON SOME JIVE!
P. D.
SMOKE EL ROPO SEEGARS


IT CAN'T BE!!... I SWORE OFF THE STUFF!
♪♪ BEAT ME, DADDY, WITH A BOOGIE BEAT!
COME ON, MARS CAT! LET'S CUT A RUG!
HA-LP! IT'S THE INVADERS FROM MARS!
THE JAIL IS DOWN THE STREET! YOUR SON MUST BE THERE!
OHH-H-N! OWW-W!
Y-YOU C-C-CAN'T COME IN HERE!
OH..... NO??
JAIL
WHERE'S MY SON?!!
HERE I AM, POP! I WAS JUST TELLING THIS GUY WHAT PEOPLE LOOK LIKE UP ON MARS! HE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME! --JUST BECAUSE I HAD A PLASTIC JOB DONE FOR MY VISIT TO THE EARTH!
I BELIEVE YUH NOW, BUD!
YEAH!!.. SEND REINFORCEMENTS! QUICK!.. THE MARTIANS HAVE TAKEN OVER OUR JAILHOUSE!


MORE OF 'EM! WE'LL HAVE TO EXTERMINATE 'EM!
IT WON'T BE NECESSARY! WE'RE DUE TO LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES!
HERE WE GO!
WHEW! I'M GLAD I DIDN'T GO ALONG WITH THEM! GUESS THE GADGET WORKS FOR EARTH MEN ONLY WHEN THEY HOLD IT THEMSELVES!
HI, FELLERS! WELL, I GOT RID OF 'EM FOR YA!
WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT MY MY TELLER ESCAPING? WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?
HIM!!
BUT LISTEN! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME, MAYBE THE KING OF MARS AND HIS MEN WOULD STILL BE HERE! THINK OF WHAT THAT WOULD HAVE MEANT!!
WHAT? THE KING OF MARS WAS HERE -- AND YOU LET HIM GET AWAY?
DON'T YOU KNOW I'VE GOT THE MORTGAGE ON THAT KING'S PALACE AND HE HASN'T PAID ME A PENNY OF INTEREST IN TWENTY YEARS! -- AND YOU LET HIM GET AWAY!
LOCK HIM UP!
POOR ME! IT'S ALWAYS THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER WHO GETS IT IN THE NECK!


Lala Palooza
IF YOU HAVEN'T SOME SORT OF JOB BY TOMORROW, I'M TAKING THAT COUCH OUT BACK AND BURN IT!
I COULD NEVER RELAX WITH COMFORT ON A MESS OF HOT SPRINGS!
BUT THERE SEEM TO BE MILLIONS O' PEOPLE OFF ON WAR WORK JOBS!
NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T HAVE A WAR EFFORT JOB, TOO!
PAINT
PHEW! IT TOOK OUR CLUB A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF COUPONS TO BUY THIS STUFF FOR OUR BIG BENEFIT SUPPER!
I'LL PARK IT INSIDE 'TIL THE COMMITTEE CALLS TO CHECK WITH ME...
ARF! ARF!
YIPE!!
RRR
RRR
ARF! ARF!
GRRR
RRRAR
ARWR
RRRRR
PALOOZA'S DAY NURSERY FOR WAR-WORKERS' DOGS
MUTTS MINDED IN COZY HOME ATMOSPHERE
HI, LALA! BIG SURPRISE! I PUT M'SELF UP IN BUSINESS WHILE YOU WERE OUT!
DOG FOOD
NOW WHAT DID I DO?

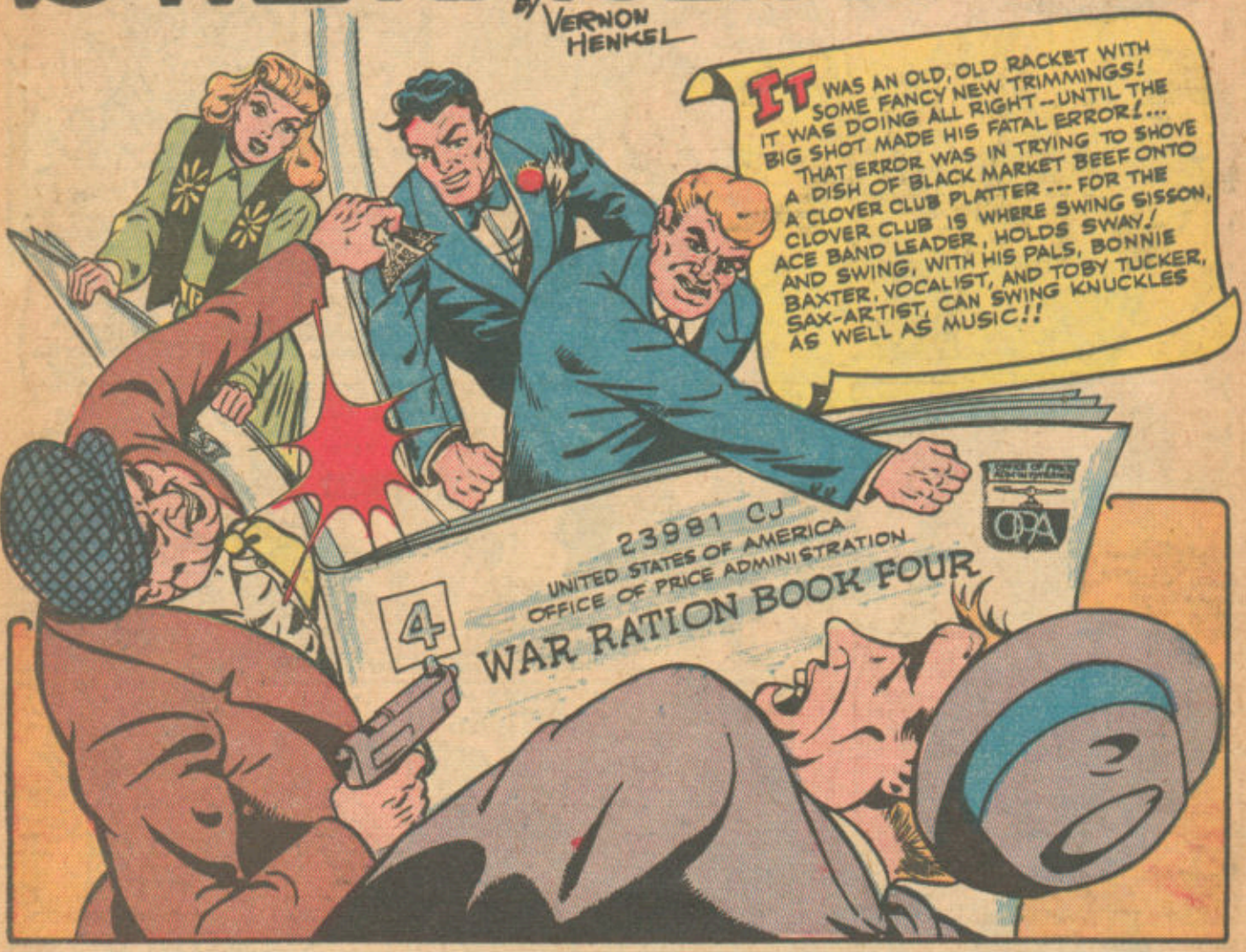

Lala Palooza
WHAT? ...YOU REALLY MEAN I CAN MANAGE THE HOUSE FOR A WHOLE DAY?
YES!
I'M JUST CURIOUS TO KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN!
I'LL BEGIN NOW!
WHAT? A WHOLE QUARTER CUP O' CREAM LEFT OVER FROM YESTERDAY? WHAT GROSS EXTRAVAGANCE!
IN FACT, WE SHOULDN'T ORDER A LUXURY LIKE CREAM AT ALL!
WHAT THIS HOUSE NEEDS IS AN AUDITOR!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?
RE-DATING THIS LAST YEAR'S ART CALENDAR, SO WE CAN STILL USE IT AND NOT BE STUNG TWO BITS FOR A NEW ONE!
WHERE TO NOW?
I'M TAKING MY TWEED SUIT OUT TO BE PRESSED!
NO! YOU'LL SPREAD THIS SUIT UNDER THE MATTRESS AND SIT ON THE BED, SAVING 40¢
THE WAY THAT WOMAN WASTES MONEY--NO WONDER WE FACE INFLATION!
WELL, AT LEAST, IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT OVER HIS SILLY SPENDING!
WHAT ON EARTH--?
I DON'T KNOW-- BUT A BIG BARGAIN AT AUCTION-ONLY $40.00!
IT'S SOME EXTINCT BIRD!
LET'S MAKE IT TWO EXTINCT BIRDS!


LALA PALOOZA
OKAY, YOU'RE HIRED, BUT GET HERE ON TIME! ... DON'T FAIL TO PHONE IF YOU FIND YOU'LL HAVE TO REPORT LATE!
NO, SIR!
SHIP YARD EMPLOYMENT DESK
THE NEW PALOOZA NEVER REPORTS LATE! NOT EVEN A MINUTE!
MMM!
DON'T TALK!
THEY MIGHT BE LISTENING!
MMM... ONE OF OUR HARD-WORKING LADS... PROBABLY JUST CAME OFF THE LATE SHIFT!
YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY THESE DAYS!
BUS STOP
MUTTERING TO HIMSELF, POOR CHAP... WORKING SO HARD IT'S A WONDER THEY DON'T CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN!
ALL SPIES MAKE IT THEIR AIM TO LOOK INNOCENT... TAKE THAT GUY EYEIN' ME...
POOR FELLOW... I THINK I'LL EXCHANGE A CHEERY WORD WITH HIM!
GOOD MORNING, MY MAN... COULD YOU TELL ME---
I'LL TELL YOU, ALL RIGHT...
AND HERE'S MY ANSWER TO TH' BLASTED AXIS!
YER ROTARY CLUB DISGUISE DON'T FOOL ME NONE, BUB!
HEY! HOW ABOUT THAT HITLER AGENT?
Y'SAP! HE OWNS THE BIG SHIPYARD YOU WORK FOR!
OH, PALOOZA... YOU SAY YOU'LL BE LATE.....? WELL, HOW LATE?
SHIP YARD EMPLOYMENT DESK
16
30 DAYS!

FEATURE COMICS

SWING SISSON

by VERNON HENKEL










MMMMM! I'LL HAVE A THICK PORTERHOUSE STEAK, RARE, WITH---
SORRY, SIR! THIS IS MEATLESS DAY! HOW ABOUT SOME BROILED LOBSTER, OR--
MENU
MEATLESS DAY?? WHAT KIND OF A SECOND-RATE JOINT IS THIS? I WANNA SEE THE MANAGER!
YES, SIR!
BAM
THE LOUD-MOUTH'S YELLING FOR MEAT OR THE MANAGER! WANNA SEE HIM OR SHALL WE JUST TOSS HIM OUT ON HIS EAR?
I'LL SEE HIM, SLIM! NO SENSE IN HAVING A RUCKUS WHILE PETE'S GONE!
WHY, ANY OTHER RESTAURANT IN TOWN'LL DIG UP A STEAK FOR ME ANY DAY! BLAH-BLAH-BLAH!
HOLD THE STICK, TOBY! THESE RATION-HOGS GIVE ME A PAIN!
ME, TOO! I'LL EVEN HOLD YOUR COAT IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT GOOD!
HUH?--- WHAT'S THE NEWSPAPER FOR?
APPARENTLY YOU DON'T KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON, BROTHER! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT IT--ON THE WAY OUT!
SO, A WISE GUY, HAH? SIT DOWN, YOU! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
I CAN SAY "NO" JUST AS EASY STANDING UP!--GO AHEAD!
OKAY! LOOK--THE WISE BOYS AROUND TOWN AREN'T LOSING DOUGH FOR LACK OF MEAT! THEY KNOW WHERE THEY CAN GET PLENTY, SEE...
SO WHAT?
SO YOU GET SMART AND GET ON THE GRAVY TRAIN, TOO, PAL! NO RATION STAMPS, NO TROUBLE--JUST PLENTY MEAT!
SORRY! THE OWNER THINKS ENOUGH OF HIS COUNTRY TO STICK TO THE RULES HERE! GOODNIGHT!
JUST A SECOND, FANCY-PANTS! I WASN'T ASKIN' YOU! --I WAS TELLIN' YOU!!
LIKE THAT, EH?


YEH! EITHER YOU BUY OUR MEAT OR THINGS'LL START HAPPENIN' TO THIS CLUB!-MESSY THINGS!
I SEE! THE OLD BEER RACKET WITH A NEW TWIST! WANT MY ANSWER NOW OR LATER?
RIGHT NOW, PAL--AND I MEAN NOW!
OKAY!...I WAS AFRAID YOU'D INSIST ON IT!
HERE IT IS!
NICE PUNCHING, SWING! I'LL SEE IF LOUIE'S GOT A GARBAGE CAN THAT ISN'T FULL YET!
I'LL BE BACK, WISE GUY--BUT NOT ALONE! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!
WHAT'S UP, SWING?
TELL YOU IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO A WINDOW---FAST!
PAK NOVELTY COMPANY! REMEMBER THAT, KIDS!
WE WILL, SWING! BUT WHAT IS IT?
PAK NOVELTY CO. NOISE MAKERS & PARTY FAVORS
A FRONT FOR THE DIRTIEST KIND OF BLACK MARKET MEAT RACKET! YOU BUY THEIR MEAT--OR ELSE!
THE RATS!... THE OLD RACKETEERS WERE GENTLEMEN COMPARED TO SCUM LIKE THAT!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, SWING?
NAIL HIM BEFORE HE TRIES TO GET BACK AT THE CLOVER CLUB!


THAT NIGHT, AT CLOSING TIME...
WHY NOT FORGET THAT RACKETEER, SWING! YOU THREW HIM OUT -- ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?
NOT THOSE RATS, BONNIE! HE'LL BE BACK WITH STRONG-ARM HOODS TO SMASH UP THE CLUB -- IF WE DON'T SMASH HIM FIRST!
THAT PAK TRUCK WAS THE ONLY VEHICLE IN SIGHT, SO BRUNT MUST HAVE BEEN IN IT! I'M GOING TO SNOOP AROUND PAK'S PLANT!
OKAY, SWING-- BUT WE'RE GOING WITH YOU!
IF THIS IS IT, SWING, THEY'VE GOT A GOOD FRONT! THEIR TRUCKS MAKE THE ROUNDS OF CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS...
AND THAT BUILDING COULD HIDE A LOT OF BLACK MARKET MEAT! WELL, LET'S GO FIND IT!
PAK NOVELTY CO.
NIGHT CLUB SUPPLIES -- PARTY FAVORS
NEED I REMIND YOU TWO LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS THAT BREAKING AND ENTERING IS A CRIME?
YEAH! IF YOU GUESSED WRONG ABOUT PAK, WE'RE GOING TO BE INSIDE LOOKING OUT FOR A LONG TIME!
I KNOW! NOW PIPE DOWN! IF THIS IS THE SPOT, THEY'LL HAVE GUARDS--NASTY ONES!
HERE'S MY POCKET FLASH, IF YOU NEED IT, SWING!
LET'S FIND THE WAY DOWN! A MEAT COOLER WOULD BE UNDERGROUND AND HANDY TO THE TRUCK-LOADING PLATFORMS!
BRR-R-R! I'VE GOT THE FUNNIEST FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED!
YEH? YOU'LL HAVE A FUNNIER FEELIN' THAN THAT, BABE, WHEN DA BOSS HEARS ABOUT DIS!
BRUNT WON'T MESS WIT' 'EM A MINUTE! DIS RACKET IS TOO GOOD TO TAKE CHANCES ON SPOILIN'!
MONK, WHAT'S UP? WHY AREN'T YOU STANDING GUARD??
TROUBLE, BOSS! TWO GUYS AND A SKOIT JEST SNUCK IN AND STARTED CASIN' DA JOINT! ... I HOID 'EM MENTION MEAT, SO DEY'RE WISE!


Meanwhile...
I'M STUMPED! WE'VE HUNTED EVERYWHERE AND NO SIGNS OF A MEAT COOLER OR PIPES! THEY'D HAVE TO HAVE REFRIGERATION!
MAYBE THAT PAK TRUCK JUST HAPPENED TO BE PULLING OUT WHEN WE LOOKED! YOU DON'T KNOW BRUNT GOT INTO IT!
NO--BUT I CAN'T SHAKE A HUNCH THAT I'M RIGHT!
AND I CAN'T GET OVER THE FEELING OF BEING WATCHED!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE TRUCKS BEFORE WE GIVE UP!
THEY WOULDN'T KEEP MEAT IN TRUCKS! IT WOULD SPOIL!
THEY'RE GETTIN' HOT BOSS! LEMME BLAST 'EM!
WAIT, YOU FOOL! IF THEY LEAVE WITHOUT FINDING ANYTHING, WE'RE IN THE CLEAR! I'LL HANDLE THEM LATER IN A SAFE PLACE!
WE'RE LICKED, I GUESS! THEY WOULDN'T LEAVE MEAT PACKED IN SMALL CARTONS LIKE THAT!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SWING!
PARTY CAPS
NOISEMAKERS
SWING!... WAIT! THIS BOX IS COLD--ICY COLD!
WHAT? LET ME FEEL!
BONNIE'S RIGHT! HELP ME PULL ON THESE BOXES, TOBY!
SURE--BUT I DON'T GET IT!
WHAT TH'...?! THE BOXES ARE FAKES, HIDING A DOOR!
A REFRIGERATOR DOOR! NO WONDER WE COULDN'T FIND A MEAT STORAGE ROOM!
THEY STORE THEIR MEAT IN REFRIGERATED TRUCKS! NOBODY'D EVER SUSPECT! BOY, DID WE GET A BREAK---
YOU'RE GONNA NEED A BREAK, WISE GUY! PUT UP YOUR MITTS!


WELL, WELL! THE TOUGH STICK-SWINGER FROM THE CLOVER CLUB! I'M GONNA LOVE THIS, PAL!
I'LL BET YOU ARE---
CLICK
THE ONLY WAY A RAT LIKE YOU WOULD DARE TRY ANYTHING IS WHEN YOU'RE BACKED UP BY ARMED HOODLUMS!
WHY, YOU DIRTY...
I'LL---
OOOFF!
BOSS!... DON'T!
THANKS FOR BLOCKING THEIR GUNS, SUCKER!
I FIGURED I COULD TAUNT YOU INTO LOSING YOUR HEAD!
THIS ONE'S MINE, SWING!
YOU WIN THE KEWPIE DOLLS, MISTER!
A FEW MINUTES Later...
THAT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED! WHERE TO NOW, SWING?
THE NEAREST POLICE STATION, THEN HOME TO BED! DON'T FORGET WE REHEARSE AT TEN TOMORROW MORNING!
PAT
VELTY CO.
HERE YOU ARE, BOYS -- SOME BLACK MARKET BEEF! AND THREE HOGS THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE!
WELL, I'LL BE--! LEAVE IT TO SWING SISSON, EVERY TIME!
SORRY I DIDN'T GET BACK BEFORE CLOSING, LAST NIGHT, SWING! ANYTHING EXCITING COME UP?
JUST THE USUAL ROUTINE, PETE!
YEP! A VERY DULL EVENING, IN FACT!

POISON IVY

POISON OAK, THAT LITTLE TOUGH GUY WHO POISON IVY PUT IN THE HOSPITAL SOME TIME AGO, IS JUST GETTING OUT WITH ONE THING ON HIS MIND..

REVENGE!

GENERAL HOSPITAL

GR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND POISON DRINKING SODAS AT TODD'S DRUG STORE!

-GILL FOX-

SURE ENOUGH, POISON OAK FINDS POISON AT THE DRUG STORE, CALMLY INDULGING IN HIS 24TH ICE CREAM SODA..WITHOUT WARNING, HE SWINGS INTO ACTION..

CLINK

2 HOURS LATER

WHAT A BREEZE IN HERE..MUST BE AIR CONDITIONED

CLUMP!!!

PUFF..PUFF.. PUFF.. PUFF..

AH! AFTER THOSE SODAS I FEEL MUCH BETTER!

NEXT DAY..

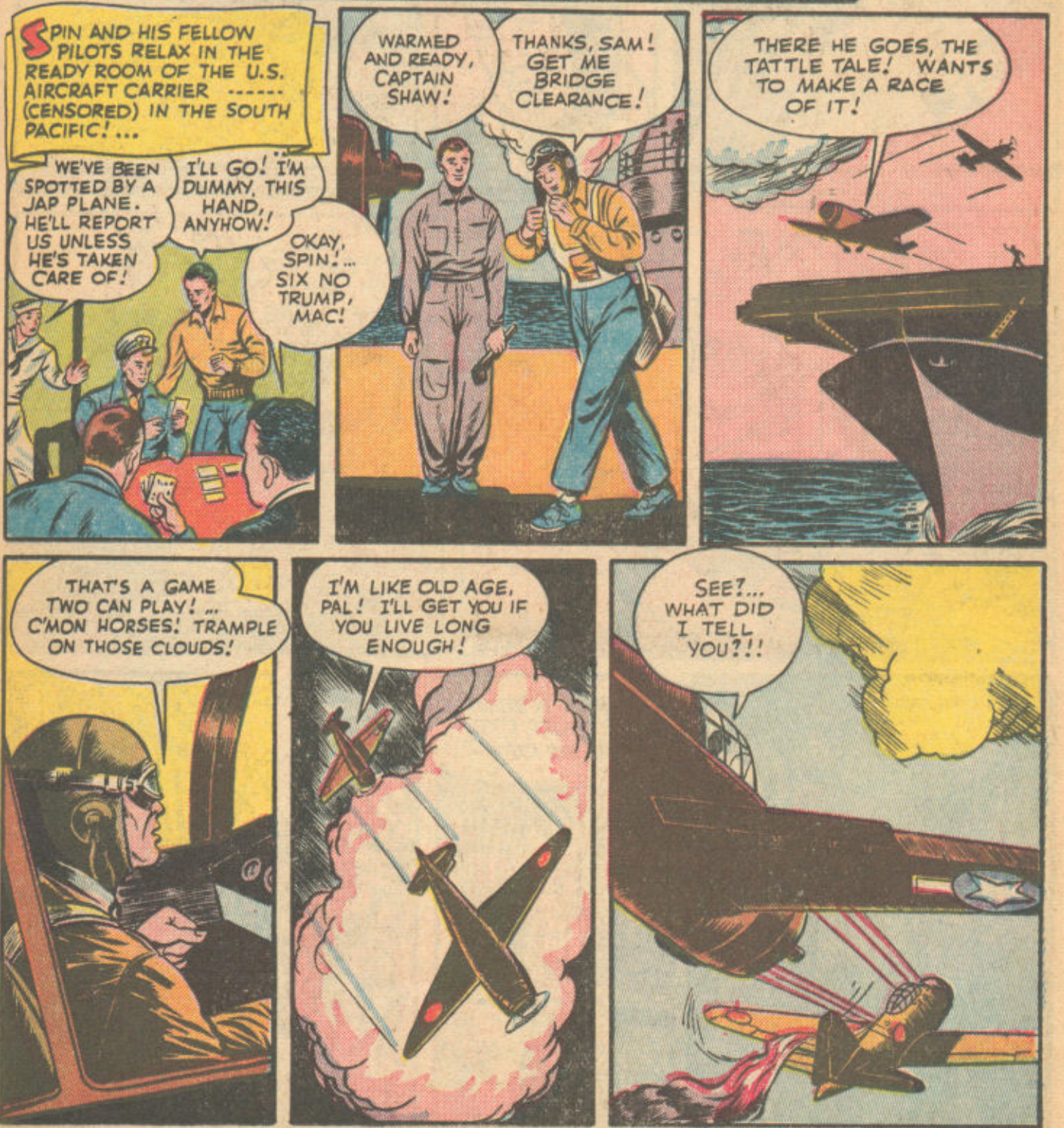
SAY, POISON.. DID'JA HEAR? POISON OAK GOT OUT OF TH' HOSPITAL YESTERDAY!

HE DID? I'LL HAFTA KEEP MY EYES OPEN.. HE'LL BE GUNNIN' FOR ME!

OH, YOU DON'T HAFTA WORRY. THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOIN', BUT HE COLLAPSED FROM EXHAUSTION AN' IS BACK IN TH' HOSPITAL!

SPIN SHAW

CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW, U.S.N., mislays a perfectly good aircraft carrier and finds a tribe of New Guinea Head-Hunters with some very curious native customs -- very curious, indeed!




THAT'S THAT! YOU'LL NEVER LEAD A SQUADRON BACK TO PLASTER OUR FLOATING PALACE, SON!
HOLY H. HANNAH!
I WAS SO BUSY CHASING THAT NIP, I FORGOT TO CHECK MY COMPASS! NOW I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA WHICH WAY THE CARRIER IS!
NO SENSE IN USING THE RADIO! THEY COULDN'T ANSWER WITHOUT BETRAYING THEIR POSITION TO THE JAPS! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!
AN HOUR LATER...
I'M GETTING NOWHERE FAST THIS WAY! WITH LUCK, MY GAS'LL JUST GET ME TO THE NEW GUINEA COAST, MAYBE!
MAN!... THAT'S CUTTING IT FINE — MUCH TOO FINE!
SPLUTTER
SAFE, AT LAST!
GEE, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPOT! JUST LIKE A LITTLE BIT OF---
--- HEAVEN!
2


NOW LOOK, BOYS! CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER!
UGH! YOU GO QUIET!--SEE ROYAL FAMILY!! GO! SCRAM!
ULP... DID HE SAY... SCRAM?
AIN'T NO SUN UP IN THE SKY!--STORMY WEATHER!
A SWING BAND--AND THE VOICE OF DINAH SHORE--OR I'M A CHOCTAW INDIAN!
GAH SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO GO CRAZY!
WELL, SHAVE MAH HEAD AND CALL ME "BALDY"!
HI, DERE, HIGH, WHITE AN' HANDSOME!
Y-YOU MEAN I'M NOT NUTS? THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING?
DON'T LET ALL DIS RAZZMATAZZ FLOOR YOU, PALLY! MINNIE AN' ME, WE IS HEP CATS F'OM WAY BACK! VO-DEEO-DO! HEY-HEY!
MINNIE, GO SHAKE US UP A MARTINI--NOT TOO DRY! TALKIN' IS THUSTY WUK--AN' WE'S GONNA DO PLENTY!
LOOK! EXPLAIN! I'M DIZZY!
NOW, AH'S KING MASIM AND MINAUA IS MAH QUEEN! CALL US MASSY AN MINNIE FO' SHO'T!
OKAY! I'M SPIN SHAW--CAPTAIN, U.S.N. AIR FORCE! BUT WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THE YANK SLANG AND FANCY FURNISHINGS?
WE WAS GUESTS AT DE WORLD'S FAIR! DEY WANTED GENYWINE HEAD HUNTERS SO WE WENT--AND HOW!!
BROTHEH! DID WE PAINT HARLEM RED WHEN WE WAS DERE!
WELL, SLAP ME DOWN! SO THAT'S THE ANSWER! WOW!
YEH! AN' WE SHO' LEARNED TO LIKE HAMBURGER SAN'WICHES AN' HOT DOGS!
--TOOK ME MONTHS TO GET BACK OUR TASTE FO' BARBECUED MISSIONARY!


CANNIBALS! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!
≥ULP≤ I'VE—ER—ENJOYED OUR LITTLE CHAT, IMMENSELY! I'LL GO NOW—MUST N'T—HEH-HEH—KEEP THE WAR WAITING!
NOW, NOW, YOU CAN'T RUN OFF LIKE DAT, SON! WE BEEN LONESOME FO' COMP'NY!
YASSUH! US IS HUNGRY FO' NEWS OB DE WORLD!
NOW, HONEY... YO' IS SUTTINLY GWINE STAY FO' DINNEH!
YO' DON' KNOW HOW TI'ED WE GITS O' JES' JAPS, JAPS, JAPS...
MU ASA UNGA!!
HUH?
M'MU USO UNGA-UNGA GA'OO!
NA SA OO-OO OMO NI-PO?
WHEW! WHATEVER IT IS, FATE MUST HAVE SENT IT!
MAN, DIS IS AWFUL! DERE'S A BIG PAHTY O' JAPS HEADED DIS WAY—AN' I DON'T THINK THEY'S PAYIN' A SOCIAL CALL!
OH-OH! IF I HAD ANY GAS IN MY PLANE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP, BUT—
GAS? EF DAT'S ALL YUH NEED, WE IS SAVED! HEY—YOU JUG-HEADED FRIZZLE-TOPS! UMPOPO SA GU-U NAKA SO! KAI-HI-HI!
THIS GETS WACKIER AND WACKIER!
MY GOSH! WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH ALL THAT GAS, FELLA?
OH, DAT? JES' FO' PROTECTIN' MAH KINGLY CROWN, SON! DESE DUMB SUBJECK'S DONE THINK AH'S A GOD, 'CAUSE OB A LITTLE MIRACLE OB MINE...
SEE? BUT YO' GOTTA RETURN DE GAS AH LOANS YUH! IF MAH MIRACLE EVAH RUNS DRY, AH IS GWINE GET DE-THRONED!
4


YOU'LL GET BACK YOUR GAS! LET THE JAPS MARCH INTO YOUR VILLAGE CLEARING! I'LL TAKE OVER FROM THERE!
YO' IS A LIFE-SAVER, SON!
WHEW! IS THAT A RELIEF! OF COURSE, I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW THEY PLANNED TO EAT ME, BUT---
THERE ARE THE NIPS -- AND HERE I COME!
AND THAT'S THAT! SOMETHING TELLS ME THE COOKING POTS'LL BE STEAMING PLENTY IN MASIM'S KINGDOM!
THE CARRIER WAS HEADING FOR DARWIN! -- I'VE JUST ENOUGH GAS TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE GANG DOWN THERE!
IN DARWIN HARBOR...
EEEEOW!
IT'S SPIN SHAW BACK FROM THE DEAD! YIPPEE!
LATER, SPIN TELLS HIS STRANGE STORY....
WELL, WELL! YOU DO HAVE ADVENTURES! OF COURSE, WE SEND GAS TO REPAY KING MASIM! YOU CAN FLY IT---
THANKS, SIR, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND---
FIX IT SO I CAN JUST DROP IT BY PARACHUTE! I--ER-- WOULD RATHER NOT LAND THERE AGAIN, JUST IN CASE!!!

THE GHOST COMES TO LIFE

THE coast of New Jersey shuddered under the heavy shelling. It had started at exactly 2 a.m. The first shell landed in the huge parking lot of an ammunition plant. The resultant explosion demolished at least a score of the workers' cars.

Havoc reigned. Several fires broke out and it was only by the superhuman efforts of the plant fire department that serious damage didn't occur.

Sabotage?

The newspapers were running off their first editions when several shells landed farther down the coast. Two Coast Guard cutters were shelled and sunk. A large war plant was blown to bits, killing more than a hundred employees.

Pandemonium really reigned. There was no question now that an enemy submarine had slipped through and shelled the coast cities. But how could anything get through the cordon of protective ships and planes that swarmed up and down the Atlantic?

The War Department was in a dither.

When more shells fell farther south—in the Carolinas, Georgia—the whole nation seethed. What was wrong? How could enemy subs skulk along the coast and shell cities? What was the matter with the Coast Guard?

The night following the last coastal shelling, a convoy of five American ships bound for Cuba were blasted and sunk. The sub crew had strafed the lifeboats—in case there were any lifeboats lowered. Nobody knew the story because nobody returned. There was only the radio message at the start of the attack.

This was the worst mass blow the Allied Powers had received and things started with a vengeance. The Coast patrol was tripled. Convoys were doubly protected by destroyer forces.

No further action occurred along the coast for a week and people began to breathe freely once again. Was this the lull before the real storm?

Vigilance was not lessened. This might be a Nazi trick.

Perry Scott stood on the bridge of the Golden Grail and stared hard into the night. The sea was quiet—ominously so. They hadn't spotted a sub in more than a week; the Nazis seemed to have called off some of their wolf pack in the Atlantic.

A huge Carribean moon was coming up in the east, like a gigantic orange. It spilled across the water laying a golden carpet from horizon to ship. Scott watched it, remarking after a moment, "No wonder they rave about the Carib nights, eh, Fuzzy?"

Fuzzy Malone, 1st mate, chuckled. "Boy, on a night like this—Hey!" He clapped an arm over Perry's shoulder and pointed with his other hand. "Look!"

The gaunt outlines of an ancient 4-masted schooner crept slowly across the face of the moon. It was a ghost ship. No canvas showed; just the bare bleached spars.

"Holy smoke, it's the old Avion!" cried Perry almost in a whisper. "I've never seen her before."

"You mean," said Fuzzy, "that is the old ghost ship that has been drifting for more than fifty years?" There was incredulity in Fuzzy's voice.

"The same," replied Scott. "She's been floating all these years, a sort of privileged character ship. Every skipper knows all about her and they all love the old hulk."

"Amazing," muttered Fuzzy. "What's kept her from cracking up on a reef, or being grounded in a storm, or crushed in an ice pack?"

Perry shook his head. "That's the astonishing thing about her, Fuzzy. She's been sighted on all seven seas, but never at close range."

"Be interesting to board her," Fuzzy said. "Might find something."

"They say the skeletons of over a hundred slaves are still in the holds," Perry stated. "You know, she was a 'blackbirder' once."

By this time the Avion had vanished into the gloom, and it was as if she had never been there in the moon's path.

"I always have a queer feeling when something like that happens," Perry said. "Can't explain it, but I feel that something is going to happen."

"You mean," said Fuzzy, "that seeing the Avion is an ill omen?"

Perry nodded. "Dunno."

Two nights later the Florida coast—specifically St. Augustine and a couple of small towns farther south—were shelled. Again the Nazis had caught the Coast Guard napping—or so the newspapers proclaimed, in 6-inch headlines.

A pack of sub-chasers converged on the area. Navy planes and blimps hovered everywhere, but no sub was sighted.

The Golden Grail was cruising just off the shore of Trinidad a few days after the Florida shelling when Perry suddenly sighted, low on the north-eastern horizon, the ghostly rigging of the Avion!

"How the dickens could she have drifted this far in so short a time?" Perry asked. "As I remember, the wind has been from the south-west most of the time."

"Yeah," Fuzzy returned. "Does seem kinda funny."

It was more than 'funny' to Perry Scott. The speed at which the old hull had drifted was incredible. *Too* incredible! The wind had been against it for several days; and abandoned ships don't drift *against* the wind. And had it drifted with the wind, the time element was still a way off.

Something had caused it to drift where it was now!

But what?

"Maybe the answer is, who caused it?" said Perry. "Do you suspect that there might be someone aboard her? Nazi agents, perhaps?"

"My gosh!" exclaimed Fuzzy. "Mebbe you've got something there, Skipper!"

"We're going to find out." Perry swung about and indicated the horizon to the south. "She was visible off there a few minutes ago. Gone now. Sure must be drifting plenty fast. *Drifting!*"

"I get what you mean, Skipper. Well——"

"Change course immediately," Perry ordered. "South-south-east until we sight her."

A half hour later they brought the rigging of the Avion over their bow. She was cutting the water at a great clip, heading directly south.

"Look at that!" Fuzzy cried. "She's doin' thirty knots!"

Perry clapped glasses to his eyes. "Yeah, she is doing all of that," he responded. "We'll stay 'way back—watch what she's up to."

They allowed the speeding Avion to draw away until the hull was below the horizon, then fell in behind.

Toward evening an island loomed far to the south. Guyale Island. Uninhabited.

"She's heading for Guyale," Perry said. "We'll follow when it gets dark. Something going on here."

An hour later in the little harbor of Guyale, they slipped alongside the Avion silently. The Grail was heavily armed. Quickly the crew, headed by Perry, boarded the dark ship. The main hatch was open. Perry shouted down into the brilliantly lighted interior:

"Ahoy below! You're boarded. Do you surrender, or do we use gas?"

There was a lot of muttered curses and surprised oaths. The Germans had been caught completely off guard. That they were Germans Perry knew, because of the thick dialects.

After a moment, "We surrender," came the heavy voice of someone evidently in command.

It required only a few minutes to round up the score of Nazis and clap them in irons. They were the crew of a sub that had been shot to pieces by Allied gunners. So Perry got the story from the captain of the crew.

The Avion had been refitted with powerful Diesels and twin propellers. There were four torpedo tubes aboard and a dozen wicked looking large-calibre cannon, all of them cleverly camouflaged.

"For a 'ghost ship' the old Avion sure has chalked up a neat score of un-ghostly business!" said Perry. "But I think she has run her last course."

In a few minutes they were slipping away from the doomed Avion. When they were about a mile off, a terrific explosion lit up the dark ocean and the Avion had vanished.

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COLLECT YOUR WEIGHT IN SCRAP PAPER
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS PAPER AS MUCH AS IT NEEDS PLANES AND GUNS!
YOUR WASTE PAPER WILL HELP MAKE FOOD AND MEDICAL CONTAINERS, AS WELL AS WEAPONS OF WAR, FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN!
PAPER FIGHTS! JOIN THE SCRAP!


PERKY
NEPTUNE
JUMPIN' CATFISH! CAN'T YOU LEND ME A "FIN" UNTIL PERKY AND I GET BACK FROM NEW YORK?
SORRY, BOSS! BUT I JUST LOST ONE IN A POKER GAME WITH A COUPLE OF SHARKS! WHY DON'T YOU ASK A GOLDFISH?
CUT IT OUT, WILL YA? DON'T YOU GUYS KNOW I'M OFF THE GOLD STANDARD ??
HEY! YOU, DOWN IN THE CORNER! -- CAN YOU READ ALL THAT STUFF!
EXHIBIT A...
THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE, WHOSE BOSS HAS BEEN DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY... HE'S DOING HIS BEST IN THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW, BUT WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MAGIC IS PLENTY!
EXHIBIT B...
THE VANISHING BOX...
PERKY VOLUNTEERED TO CLIMB INTO IT -- AND THEN HE REALLY VANISHED!
THE MAGICIAN IS TRYING TO BRING HIM BACK, BUT AS WE CAN SEE IN...
EXHIBIT C...
...EVERY TIME HE PULLS THE LEVER, HE SENDS PERKY FLYING -- INTO THE FAIRY LANDS NO ONE EVER SAW BEFORE!
SURE! WHAT DO YOU THINK I WENT TO SCHOOL FOR?


GLUB!
OCEAN BOTTOM... KEEP OFF THE SEA WEED!
PLOP!
GOSH!!... MERMAIDS!
YES, LITTLE ONE, YOU MUST HAVE COME A LONG WAY TO GET TO THE KINGDOM OF FATHER NEPTUNE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
PERKY...
BUT I THOUGHT THAT MERMAIDS WERE ALWAYS HAPPY! WHY ARE YOU ALL SO SAD?
NEPTUNE, KING OF THE SEA, HAS BEEN SWALLOWED BY A WHALE AND HE CAN'T GET OUT! WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE PALACE AND SEE THE QUEEN? PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP HIM!


I'LL DO MY BEST! WELL, G'BYE, GIRLS!
I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE!
I TELL YOU, WE MUST PERFORM AN OPERATION!
BUT, DOCTOR SWORDFISH, YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO MY POOR HUSBAND!
YOUR POOR HUSBAND! WHAT ABOUT MY HUSBAND? HE'S THE KING!
BOO-- HOO!! SOB
BESIDES, MRS. WHALE, YOU'RE NOT EVEN A FISH! YOU ANIMAL!
AHEM!
REMEMBER YOUR SEA-PRESSURE, YOUR MAJESTY!
DR. SWORDFISH M.D.
HELLO, EVERYBODY! I'M PERKY! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE WHALE IS, MRS. NEPTUNE? MAYBE I CAN HELP!
AH! -- A HUMAN SHRIMP! OH, WELL, YOU CAN'T DO ANY MORE HARM THAN HAS BEEN DONE ALREADY! YOU'LL FIND THE WHALE IN THE BACK YARD! OCTOPUS JOE IS WORKING ON HIM NOW!
THANKS, MRS. NEPTUNE! GOODBYE!


C'MON, TOOTS! OPEN 'ER UP! GOOD AN' WIDE!
YESSIREE, SON, I'M OCTOPUS JOE, THE PLUMBER OF THE DEEP, AN' I'M LOOKING FOR KING NEPTUNE! FIXIN' LEAKS IS MY SPECIALTY ---
JOE, THE PLUMBER
LIKE I ALWAYS SAY TO THE MISSUS -- IT'S NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT! AW, BOLTS! ANOTHER ANCHOR!
KLANG!
HEY, JOE! MAYBE, IF I CLIMB INSIDE, I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND THE KING!
SURE THING, MY BOY! I GOTTA KNOCK OFF NOW FOR LUNCH, ANYWAY! BE CAREFUL ON THAT TONGUE! IT'S SLIPPERY!
GOLLY! IT'S MIGHTY DARK IN HERE!


BOY! WHAT A LOT OF JUNK THERE IS INSIDE THIS WHALE! I WONDER WHERE THAT FIRE IS COMING FROM?
ER -- AH -- PARDON ME, SIR, BUT IF YOU'RE FATHER NEPTUNE, YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING FOR YOU!
WHO? ME? I AIN'T GOT NO WIFE! I'M BARNACLE BILL, THE SAILOR!
BUT AN OLD GUY WITH WHISKERS CAME BY, ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO. HE'S GOT A LITTLE PLACE FIXED UP UNDER THE TWENTY-SECOND RIB ... MAYBE HE'S THE ONE YOUR LOOKING FOR!
THANKS, MR. BILL! GOODBYE!
THAT MUST BE FATHER NEPTUNE, ALL RIGHT!
FATHER NEPTUNE, I PRESUME?
MAP OF NEW YORK CITY


A HUMAN CHILD! WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, YOUNGSTER?
BROOKLYN-- B-BUT---
THEN THIS MUST BE NEW YORK! WE'VE LANDED AT LAST! C'MON, LET'S TAKE IN THE SIGHTS AT THE AQUARIUM -- THEN WE'LL SWIM UPTOWN TO BROADWAY! OH, BOY! OH, BOY!
B-BUT BUT --
NEPTUNE
B-BUT BUT-BUT---
SHUT OFF THAT OUTBOARD MOTOR, SON! YIPPEE! NEW YORK, HERE I COME!
NEW YORK, EH? SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D TAKE A LITTLE TRIP, DID YOU?
YOU'LL GET ALL THE NEW YORK YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, YOU BEAST!!
HEY, DOC! YA GOT SOMETHING FOR A HANGOVER?
WHAT A MESS! I HOPE THAT PHONY MAGICIAN CAN GET ME OUT OF HERE!
WHOOPS! HERE I GO AGAIN! -- SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!


RUSTY RYAN
and the BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS
WELCOME, YOU NIPS! .. JUST IN TIME TO GET NIPPED!
NO, SUH! NOBODY GITS AWAY!
Watch FOR NEW COMMANDO TRICKS!
On a palm-fringed isle of the once-Pacific Ocean...
A JAP!
MY SUB SINK YOUR SHIP — BUT YOUR LAST SHOT SINK MY SUB!
NOT ENOUGH ROOM ON THIS ISLAND — NOR IN THE WORLD — FOR BOTH OF US!
WE SETTLE WAR BETWEEN US!
HOSTILE NATIVES!
GRABBUM!


SSSS! ... YANKEE ALWAYS FOOL! -- FIGHT AGAINST ANY NUMBERS!
NEED NO NUMBERS TO GET JAPANEE! -- ONLY ONE!
NATIVE IS FOOL, TOO! -- DON'T UNDERSTAND JUDO!
NO!... SURRENDER!
SAME OLD JAP METHOD! CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH!
THE ROVER SHIP "COUNTESS" OF THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS ASSISTS NAVAL VESSELS IN RESCUING SURVIVORS OF THE SUB DISASTER...
WIGWAG THAT WE SEE NO MORE SURVIVORS!
WAIT, MISTAH RUSTY! ALABABA DONE FOUND ONE MO'!
MY PAL, BATSY... -- FLOATED THAT WAY ON A MAST!
TAKE THIS MAN BELOW FOR TREATMENT! WE'LL SAIL AFTER HIS FRIEND!
I SEE AN ISLAND -- AND A BROKEN MAST AT THE WATER'S EDGE!
WE'LL LAND AND LOOK FOR THE LOST SAILOR!
BUT... ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE... SURVIVORS OF THE JAPANESE SUBMARINE!...
LOOK! ... TRACKS!
THINK THOSE SHOES BELONG OUR NOBLE COMMANDER!... FOLLOW!


NATIVES! THEY CAPTURED OUR COMMANDER!
AND YANKEE SAILOR!
THESE FOREIGNERS MAKE WAR! WAR BAD! IF MORE COME---
KILL THESE TWO!... NOBODY KNOW!
EXCOOSE, PLEASE! WE TAKE OVER!
MORE FOREIGNER!
ATTACK!--- OHHHH!
WE SAID, WE TAKE OVER!
GOOD! NOW I WILL GIVE ORDERS ON THIS ISLAND!
SET THEM TO MAKING A BIG BOAT FOR OUR ESCAPE! I WILL THINK OF A NEW WAY FOR THIS YANKEE TO PERISH!
HOW DARING OF YOU!
HERE WE ARE-- BUT WHERE'S THAT SAILOR, BATSY!
3


TRACKS, BY ALLAH!
BUT OF MANY FEET! FOLLOW THEM, BUT BE CAREFUL!
MISTAH RUSTY! JAPS MAKIN' DE NATIVES, WU'K!
AND OTHERS BEYOND! ... TOO MANY TO FIGHT AT ONCE---
GO OUT, PIERPONT! MAKE THEM CHASE YOU HERE--A FEW AT A TIME!
Y-Y-YASSUH!
GYAAAAAAH!
CRAZY MAN! DEFY US!
WE TAKE HIM TO COMMANDER! SSSSS!
GOOD WORK, PIERPONT!
PRISONERS!
TIE THEM! ...QUICK!
GO FOR THE OTHERS! WE'LL TRY TO TRAP SOME MORE NIPS, MEANWHILE!
YOU BE DE BAIT DIS TIME, ALABABA!


HELLO! HOW'S TOJO? --OR SHOULD I SAY JOJO--THE DOG-FACED BABOON?
INSULTS! DESTROY THE FAT FOOL!
WHAT SAYS THE PROPHET? YELLOW MEN SOMETIMES GET RED FACES!
MORE PRISONERS, RUSTY!
AND HERE'S THE REST OF THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS! NOW THE ODDS WILL BE EVEN!
CHARGE!
ME KNOW THESE FIGHTERS! RUSTY RYAN!
ALL ISLANDS HAPPY TO PRAISE RUSTY RYAN!
THANKS, CHIEF! WE'RE NOT REALLY WAR-LOVERS! WE WANT TO MAKE THIS OCEAN PACIFIC AGAIN!
GIVE ME! THIS RUSTY RYAN MUST DIE!!
STAND ASIDE, EVERYONE! I'LL HANDLE HIM!
5
THE JAPANESE COMMANDER HAS A SPEAR -- BUT RUSTY RYAN HAS A COMMANDO TRICK! WATCH!...


THIS IS A GOOD DEFENSE AGAINST A FIXED BAYONET! GRAB HOLD TIGHT!
?
GET HIM ON YOUR HIP!...
AND FLIP HIM OVER -- DISARMING HIM!
OR... IF NEITHER OF YOU IS ARMED---
CATCH HIM LIKE THIS!
AND DUMP HIM -- BUT HARD!
YOU WIN! BUT, REMEMBER, IT WAS JUDO--JAPANESE WRESTLING ART-- WHICH WON!
IS THAT SO? RUSTY, LET ME SHOW HIM AN AMERICAN TRICK!


NOW, YOU ... OOP!
IS PLEASURE TO FIGHT HIM!
YOU SEE?... YANKEE CAN BE THROWN DOWN!
MAYBE ... BUT YANKEE CAN'T BE KEPT DOWN!
TRY THIS ONE FOR SIZE!
CRACK!
ANY OTHER JAP WANT TO PLAY?
I DON'T THINK SO! LET'S HERD THEM ABOARD AND REJOIN THE FLEET!
RUSTY RYAN IS THE ONLY GOOD FOREIGNER!
THERE'S A LOT OF GOOD FOREIGNERS, CHIEF! WE'LL PROVE IT WHEN THE WAR'S OVER AND WE CAN COME VISITING AGAIN!
WHAFFO' YO' LOOK SO SOLLUM, MISTAH RUSTY?
I ALREADY FEEL ANOTHER ADVENTURE COMING ON!
HARE THE NEW ADVENTURE WITH RUSTY RYAN AND THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF Feature COMICS!

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AMAZING FORECASTER

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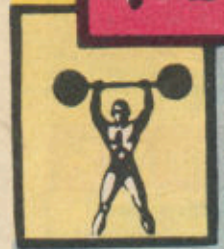
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